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THE

PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF

The Sufferings

OF

J. STEPHANINI,

(I. Στεφανινις,)

A NATIVE OF

ARTA, IN GREECE:

INCLUDING

Accounts of the capture of Patras—of some of the principal events of the Greek Revolution—of some of the most conspicuous characters which have been developed by those events; of the manners, customs, and religion of the Albanians, Turks, Egyptians, and Bedouin Arabs.

PUBLISHED WITH A

VIEW TO ENABLE HIM TO RETURN TO HIS OWN COUNTRY, AND TO RELEASE FROM SLAVERY A LARGE AND SUFFERING FAMILY.

NEW YORK:
VANDERPOOL & COLE, PRINTERS.

1829.

Southern District of New York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1829, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, J. Stephanini of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Personal Narrative of the Sufferings of J. Stephanini, (I. Στεφανινις,) a Native of Arta, in Greece: including Accounts of the Capture of Patras—of some of the principal events of the Greek Revolution—of some of the most conspicuous characters which have been developed by those events, of the Manners, Customs, and Religion of the Albanians, Turks, Egyptians, and Bedouin Arabs. Published with a view to enable him to return to his own Country, and to release from Slavery a Large and Suffering Family."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.

FRED. J. BETTS,
Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

PREFACE.

The following pages will be found immethodical in arrangement, and deficient in elegance of style: These defects, the compiler found unavoidable.—The want of method, is to be ascribed to this: that all the facts which relate *personally* to Mr. Stephanini, are drawn entirely from memory. It was, therefore, impossible that the dates, or order of events, should, in all cases, be accurately marked. Many of the defects, in the composition, are to be ascribed to the imperfect knowledge which Mr. S. has of the English language, which rendered him unwilling that the compiler should employ any other than the most plain and familiar expressions; and, also, to the circumstantiality with which Mr. S. has, in many places, insisted on describing minor events. These causes, it will be perceived, must tend, in some degree, to depress the style, if not the general character of the narrative. It has, however, a redeeming quality. It is *true*. In detailing the facts wherein Mr. S. was personally concerned, he has been scrupulously guided by his personal knowledge. In those wherein he cannot be supposed to have participated, the most authentic sources of information have been sought. In the hope that it may prove a hook on which benevolence may hang her offerings, it is submitted, with all its imperfections, to the public.

RECOMMENDATIONS *from the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, and R. Sedgwick, Esq., of New York; J. K. Kane, Esq., and Rev. Dr. Ely, Philadelphia; and T. S. Grimke, Esq., Charleston.*

(Copied from the original.)

Mr. Stephanini, a native of Greece, has brought to me several letters from gentlemen of high standing and character—he has also shown me testimonials in the highest degree favourable;—from these documents, confirmed by intercourse with him on several occasions, relating to his designs and prospects, I have no hesitation in recommending him to the notice of those who may be willing and able to assist him in redeeming his mother and sisters from their cruel bondage among the Turks.

JONA. M. WAINWRIGHT.

I have had a long acquaintance with Mr. Stephanini, having known him during nearly all the period of his residence in this country, and consider his narrative of his personal misfortunes entitled to unqualified confidence.

R. SEDGWICK.

Mr. Stephanini has presented to me letters from gentlemen of well known character in Charleston and New York. I have conversed with him, and have examined the testimonials with which he is furnished; and I fully and cordially commend him to the sympathy and good offices of those who have the means and the willingness to indulge a discriminating benevolence.

J. K. KANE.

Mr. J. Stephanini, a native Greek, has been introduced to me by several gentlemen, in whom I have the highest confidence. He has been himself a captive, and now seeks to procure the means of redeeming his mother and sisters from the horrors of Turkish bondage. His object will commend itself to every humane person; and I feel happy to give him this introduction to any of my acquaintance.

E. S. ELY.

From the interview which I have had with Mr. Stephanini, and from conversations with others, and the examination of his letters, I recommend him with great pleasure to all who feel a sympathy for his personal misfortunes, and admiration for the cause of his gallant and afflicted country.

THOMAS S. GRIMKE.

CHAPTER I.

The country which gave me birth, was once the most eminent and glorious in the world. In the annals of antiquity her page is the fairest; and it is blazoned with characters that time cannot bedim. From Greece, as from a central sun, emanated a brilliant light, which flung abroad its splendour over surrounding regions.

While other nations were enveloped in the gloom of ignorance and barbarism, civilization and arts had in that little but illustrious land advanced to a state of wonderful perfection. Her own original and unassisted genius early exhibited examples of all that is elegant and magnificent in art, of all that is inspiring in poetry and fascinating in eloquence, of all that is valuable in ethics and legislation, and of all that is splendid in martial achievement. Without precedent or pattern to guide her efforts, she attained to a height of excellence in virtue, in arts, and in literature,

which has never been transcended; and produced those models in each which mankind, ever since that period, have contemplated with strong admiration and imitated with ardent zeal.

The sun, after gaining his meridian height, descends and sets. It is so with national glory. Greece escaped not the common lot of nations. Her greatness declined: and at length the sun of her glory went down in a melancholy and lurid gloom; and the depth of her subsequent degradation has been proportioned to her former exaltation.

The lawless power and resistless arms of Rome, were during the consulate of Metellus, directed to her destruction. Her bravest sons were immolated on the altar of liberty,—but the sacrifice was ineffectual. She sunk beneath the overwhelming force and fury of the Roman legions. The rage of the bloody Sylla, and his fierce mercenaries, demolished her noble structures,—levelled her proud cities,—deluged her plains with blood,—and covered her fair fields with desolation.

Yet even under the pressure of such dreadful calamities, and though sorely

galled by the iron yoke of Rome, the glory of Greece was not wholly extinguished. Her light, though glimmering in the socket, yet shed around its expiring beam. In her subjugation, her proud mistress paid homage to her genius, by the adoption of her laws and her philosophy, her arts and literature. Her language was chosen as the vehicle of thought and sentiment, and her writings were eagerly studied as the repositories of wisdom and knowledge.

As a Roman province, Greece followed the fortunes of the superior state. In the miseries that attended and followed the declension and fall of that mighty empire, Greece largely participated. When that enormous fabric was overthrown by the Samsons of the North, Greece was crushed beneath the ruins. Her plains were, for centuries, the theatre of the conflicts,—her inhabitants the prey, and her territory the prize, of contending barbarians. At length, near the close of the fourteenth century, the Turkish arms, conducted by the skill and valour of the famous Bajazet, ravaged her territories, destroyed every remaining vestige of her ancient freedom, and completely blotted out her name from the list of nations.

More than nineteen hundred years have now elapsed, since the independence of Greece expired. During that long and dreary period, she has borne, in succession, the yoke of various conquerors. But, it is during the four centuries since her subjection to Ottoman domination, that the cup of her calamity has been the fullest, and her slavery and degradation the most abject and complete.

In the bloody and destructive wars which were long carried on between the Turks and Venetians, and in which the possession of her territory and islands, was the subject of conflict, she suffered all the horrors and devastations of alternate conquest. Forced, of necessity, to choose one of these rival powers as their masters, her people threw themselves upon the protection of Venice, in the hope, that the power of that brave and generous republic might rescue them from the tyranny under which they groaned. After a series of wars among the most obstinate and bloody ever waged, and in which the Greeks were the principal sufferers; their slavery was completed, and their chains rivetted, by the overthrow of the Venetian, and the triumph of the Turkish arms.

Under a government which, both in its theory and administration, imposes on its own subjects an absolute tyranny, the rigours of which nothing but long custom, the servility induced by ignorance, and religious superstition, could compel them to endure; it may be well supposed that the Greeks, (having no community of interest, language, manners, or religion, with their conquerors,) must have suffered oppressions and cruelties intolerably afflictive and severe.

The irreconcilable animosity of the disciples of the Mohammedan, toward the professors of the Christian, faith, as well as the manifestations which the Grecians were frequently giving of their extreme eagerness to recover their liberty, drew upon them the vindictive jealousy of the Porte, and the wanton and relentless vengeance of the provincial governors. Added to all this, was the rapacity of the pachas of the different provinces, the primary objects of whose government seemed to be the extortion of tribute and plunder from the unprotected and wretched population; and, what is still more shocking to the feelings of a Christian, the seizure and perpetual

condemnation, to their infamous pleasure, of the flower of female beauty and virtue.

For the security of an authority thus odious and galling, and which the pachas were conscious could be maintained only by strict vigilance and brutal force, a system of espionage was established over the principal inhabitants throughout the Grecian provinces, and the dagger of the assassin was engaged to destroy influence and to remove suspicion.

Injuries, indignities, and outrages, were the characteristics of Turkish rule, and its afflictive operation was seconded by the scourge, the dungeon, and the scymetar.

So long a period of subjugation to different barbarians, and so rigorous a slavery as they had been accustomed to endure under the Ottoman power, it may be well supposed would have broken the spirits of the Greeks, and have rendered their character as servile as their condition. The natural effects of the exercise of tyranny, are, prostration of mind, apathy of moral sensibility, and a tameness of submission, to oppression and indignity. That these effects were perceptible in the Grecian character, is not to be denied. Long habits of suffer-

ing and of subjection, had repressed, in *some measure*, their ancient spirit of liberty, as well as quenched the fire of their former genius. Yet, there has never been a time, when the Greeks were not feelingly alive to a sense of their degradation, or when they were not ready, had the means been in their power, to hazard life and every thing dear, to effect their deliverance, and to regain their independence.

They bore their miseries, but they did not bear them as slaves. Their souls revolted at their condition, but their hands were destitute of the means of resistance; and impotent efforts, they knew, would serve no other purpose than to draw down a heavier weight of vengeance on their devoted heads.

There is, however, a point of wretchedness, at which humanity rebels; at which, desperation takes place of prudence. Excess of suffering had, at length, goaded the Greeks to the last stage of human endurance. They rose in the majesty of insulted valour. Though weak in resources, they were strong in resolution and fortitude. They raised their hands toward heaven, and swore by the sacred names of their fa-

thers and of liberty, that the swords they were about to draw, should force their way to freedom, or to a glorious death. They cast their eyes toward the western hemisphere. They saw the people of this great republic free and happy; reposing in quiet and security beneath the protection of the starry banner of liberty. They gazed with eagerness upon that glorious symbol, and caught inspiration from the sight. The fire of their former spirit, which the flood of their miseries had not yet quenched, blazed again with its original brightness. The genius of Greece, which had been slumbering for ages, aroused from her lethargy, and, springing from the dust, assumed a port as lofty, and shed around her a radiancy as bright as she exhibited in the zenith of her ancient fame.

CHAPTER II.

The city of Arta, in which I was born, is one of the principal cities in Western Greece. It is an ancient seaport, and the see of an archbishop. It is situated in the S. E. of the province of Epirus or Lower Albania, on the bank of the river Arta, (the ancient Aracthus,) which rises in the mountains of Agrafa, (the ancient Pindus,) and winding through a beautiful plain, covered with vineyards, and with groves of fig, olive, cherry, pomegranate, mellicucha and orange trees, falls into the gulf of Arta or Ambracia. On one side of this plain, at the distance of about three leagues from the gulf, stands the city. Its site and appearance are eminently beautiful. The plain on which it stands, is surrounded by mountains. The lofty Pindus on the north, throws off branches to the east and west, as if to form a natural rampart around it. The city contains about ten thousand inhabitants. The houses are generally of a single story, neat and often elegant in their structure; and surrounded

by gardens, producing all kinds of fruits and flowers peculiar to that climate. Many of the buildings are very ancient. The material used in building, is the same here, as in most of the Greek cities. It is a sort of lime stone, or marble, of a milky whiteness, which is found all over Greece. The pure whiteness of this material, gives to the city a shining and magnificent appearance.

One of the principal public edifices in the city, is the palace of the despote or archbishop, called metropole. It is a large and venerable pile of buildings, and evinces both in its conception and execution, consummate taste and skill in the architect. Adjoining the palace, is the cathedral, a building of equal elegance. These two edifices are surrounded by a large number of smaller houses, and the whole is enclosed by a high circular wall, which approaches the brink of the river, and affords from its elevated turrets, a most enchanting prospect.

In another part of the city is situated the serai, the residence of the voevonda or governor, as well as of the other great officers of state, and their guards. It is a large, elegant and commodious building.

Near the serai is a large circular area, called *machusti*, where a public fair is annually held. Here, during two weeks in the month of August, are exposed for sale all kinds of foreign goods, domestic manufactures, live stock, fruits, &c. Booths are fitted up by the government, for the reception of these commodities; and every merchant is obliged to produce and exhibit his merchandise at the fair, and pay a large rent for the use of the booth he occupies, on penalty of being deprived of a license to traffic in future. From this source a large item of revenue annually accrues to the treasury of the pasha.

At a short distance from the city, stands a very large and singular edifice, called pariyoriza. The age of this building is unknown, but it bears indications of having existed for many centuries. Its dimensions are vast, but symmetrical; and its appearance is exceedingly grand and imposing. This massive structure contains three spacious apartments, one above another, each occupied as a church. These are lighted by about ninety windows, of a size corresponding with the magnitude of the building. It is surrounded by a number of small houses, inhabited by nuns and other poor

religious females, who subsist on charity. The whole is encircled by a wall of great antiquity. This structure is supposed to have been an ancient temple, built before the diffusion of Christianity in Greece.

Half a mile from the city, on the south-east, the public road enters a spacious avenue, which extends about five miles, and is at length terminated by the river Arta, (or Aracthus.) On each side of this avenue, during its whole length, are extensive gardens laid out with great regularity, and producing fruits and flowers of the most choice and delicious kinds, exotic as well as native. Lemons, oranges, pomegranates, citrons, figs, grapes, maize, wheat, pulse, &c. &c. &c., are produced here in perfection and abundance. Across the river, and commencing at the bottom of this avenue, is a massive bridge of very great antiquity, and of curious construction. Its length is about three quarters of a mile; it is built of the usual material, handsomely hewn, and the blocks of which the structure is formed, are united by a cement, of which the composition is unknown, as well as by iron fastenings, curiously inserted into the stone, and imperceptible, unless on close inspection.——

Though of an antiquity that eludes research, it is as firm and compact as on the day it was completed. It contains six large arches of different heights; between which, are curiously interspersed several smaller ones. It is a work of singular grandeur and magnificence, and has been an object of admiration to all strangers who have visited that place. Some idea may be formed of its magnitude, from the stupendous height of the central arch, which appeared to me to be more than 150 feet above the level of the river.

The city is defended by a very strong castle, containing about 100 pieces of cannon. The northern wall is very ancient, but on the other sides, it has been recently demolished, and rebuilt by the Turks. The river winds along near the walls, and furnishes pure and wholesome water to the city and castle. A branch of it has been diverted by a canal to some flour mills in the vicinity, and is thence conveyed by smaller conduits to irrigate the gardens above described.

The commerce of the city is carried on principally with the Ionian islands, and the ports of the Adriatic. It exports wheat,

tobacco, wool, skins, cheese, olives, wine, and various kinds of fruit; and imports dry goods, iron, steel, &c. &c.

CHAPTER III.

I was born in this city, in the year 1803. My father, Joanni Stephanini, was, by profession, a merchant, and carried on at that time, an extensive and lucrative trade with the port of Trieste. He married, early in life, Chrissavii Themiano, the daughter of a respectable citizen of Arta. The Grecian women commonly marry young. My mother, at the time of her espousals, was but fourteen years of age. The fruits of this union, were seven children: four sons, Spiro, Demetre, Sylvestro, and myself; and three daughters, Maria, Catharina, and Anna.

It was my fortune to be born, and to have lived in an eventful period of my country's history. As early as the commencement of the present century, the galling and aggravated oppressions which my country-

men were suffering, (and which were growing daily more intolerable, from the suspicions which the Turks entertained of their disaffection to the Porte; and of their secret attachment to, and correspondence with the Russian court;) had kindled the patriotic enthusiasm of some individuals of character and influence among the Greeks; and inspired them with a determination to make an effort to deliver their suffering and degraded country from her chains. Seven of these patriots formed themselves into an association, for the purpose of secretly and gradually preparing the minds of their countrymen for an endeavour to regain their liberty. They travelled all over Europe, with a view to awaken sympathy, and to gain advocates to their cause. One of these was the celebrated Riga, whose name is pronounced with veneration by every Greek; and of whom I must indulge my feelings, by giving a brief account. This distinguished patriot, and excellent man, was born about the year 1760, in Thessaly. His youth was devoted to study, and to the cultivation of poetry. An ardent study of the ancient Grecian writers had deeply imbued his mind with the principles and sentiments of the greatest and best men of

Greece, in the days of her liberty and glory. He looked around on the present condition of his country, and a patriotic indignation filled his bosom as he beheld her prostrate in the dust, and agonizing in her chains. Having finished his education in Italy, and made the tour of Europe, he returned to his own country; where, by his exhortations and writings, he diffused among his countrymen his own enthusiasm for liberty. To enlighten their understandings, and to prepare them for the effort he intended to make, he translated several books into his native language. He also published for their benefit, a map of the country, and a dictionary of the modern Greek language. His whole soul seemed devoted to the great enterprise he meditated; and his fortune, faculties, and unremitted labours were all employed in preparing the way for its accomplishment. He made frequent journeys among the peasantry; increased their knowledge by his instructions, and excited the spirit of liberty by the recitation of patriotic songs, which he condescended to write for that purpose. He was the idol and the hope of his countrymen. The aged looked to him as their last hope; the young as their future deliverer. But while his great

project was ripening, and he and his compatriots were journeying over Europe, to obtain advocates and aid, he was seized in the Austrian dominions by Turkish emissaries, who had been set to watch his movements; and with the manifest connivance of the Austrian court, and to its everlasting disgrace, he was dragged to the frontier of Turkey, and there beheaded. But he has left behind him a name embalmed by virtue. It is recorded in the heart of every Greek!

The fire of patriotism, which had been kindled by the zeal of Riga, and his few associates, did not expire with him. Though smothered, it continued to increase till it burst out at length into the flame of the revolution.

In the patriotic scheme of Riga, the people of Epirus, in which my family resided, could not participate. They were then under the despotic and iron domination of the famous Ali, who was pasha of Ioannina, and valisse or viceroy of Romelia. Of this man, who bade fair at one time to become the independent sovereign of the whole of Greece; who, for a long time, held the power of the sultan in defiance; and

whose alliance was courted by the principal powers of Europe, it may not be improper to give a brief account.

CHAPTER IV.

At the time of my birth, Ali Pasha had established his authority over all western Greece,—a territory comprising Albania proper, (the ancient Illyria,) Epirus, Acarnania, Ætolia and Locris. His residence was at Ioannina, a city about forty miles N. W. of Arta. This man owed the great and formidable power he possessed, to a series of successful exploits and intrigues, perhaps unequalled in the history of any one individual. He was born at Tepeleni, in upper Albania, about the year 1748; and was the son of Veli, bey or sanjiac of that city. The father of Ali died while he was a child; and his education devolved upon his mother; a woman of singular talents, undaunted courage, and of fierce and implacable temper. On the death of her husband, she assumed his authority; and putting herself at the head of a few

faithful followers, effectually defended, against the hostile beys and agas by whom she was surrounded, the remnant of the possessions which had not been wrested from the feeble hands of her husband.

The exhortations and example of this heroine, inspired the young Ali with that adventurous enterprise, invincible intrepidity, and unshrinking fortitude, which appeared so conspicuous in his subsequent character.

Albania proper, of which Ali was a native, is a mountainous and woody country. The inhabitants of these mountains, were never completely subdued by the Ottoman arms. While the people of the plains have been conquered and enslaved, these mountaineers have maintained a sturdy independence. Their mountains were incapable of cultivation; and they, disdaining to share the servitude of the people of the plains, betook themselves for subsistence, to the occupation of robbery. They divided themselves into numerous tribes or clans, each of which had its chief; and sallying forth from their fastnesses in the mountains, they ravaged the vallies and plains below them, carrying away pro-

visions, cattle, and every other kind of pillage they were able to seize.

A people inured from their infancy to such a pursuit, and glorying in the name of robbers or klephtes, by which they were distinguished, we may well suppose would become a most hardy and daring race: and in fact, these qualities are possessed by them in so eminent a degree, that they have not only been for a long time, a terror to all Greece, but their alliance and service, has always been assiduously courted by the powers of Austria, Russia, Turkey and Venice, in their frequent wars. They are always ready to sell their service to the highest bidder; and wo to the enemy against whom their efforts are directed! Their religion is either Mohammedan or Christian, as best suits their interest. They are wonderfully strong and agile; and are capable of enduring hunger, thirst and fatigue, to a degree that is truly astonishing. Their principal garment is a coarse cloak, terminating at the knee; and their arms are long muskets, ataghans or short swords, and pistols. With their muskets slung across the right shoulder, they ascend the precipitous mountains, or leap from cliff to cliff with the speed and agility

of the antelope. The Albanian women are generally employed at home in servile domestic offices, though they sometimes accompany the men in their predatory excursions, and fight by their side, with equal fierceness and intrepidity.

The death of Veli Bey, had left Ali's mother the chief of one of these clans of banditti; and at the head of a few of his mother's klephtes, the first enterprises of young Ali were undertaken. An account of the predatory feats he achieved while a boy, would fill a volume; and savours so much of romance, as almost to stagger credulity. He was, however, sometimes unsuccessful,—on which occasions, he was sure to meet the reproachful and indignant taunts of his mother. He was once driven into Tepeleni, on which occasion, his mother contemptuously told him, to "go like a coward as he was, and join the women of the harem." Stung with the reproach, he sallied forth again,—his mother bidding him never again to enter Tepeleni but as a victor or a corpse. Notwithstanding the utmost exertions of valour, he was again repulsed, lost all his followers and his arms, and with the greatest difficulty escaped alive. Here, was the turning point of

Ali's fortune. To return home he dared not. Having retired to an old solitary ruin for safety, he stood for some time ruminating on his forlorn situation. In the agitation of his mind, he struck the ground several times with a stick which he held in his hand. Having by this means, torn up the loose earth a little, he discovered something bright, which attracted his attention; and digging deeper, he found it to be a silver casket, full of treasure. With the aid of this, he immediately levied troops, retrieved his fortunes, entered Tepeleni in triumph; and confining his mother to the harem, (where she died soon after of chagrin,) he assumed the command.

The operations of Ali, were thenceforward conducted on a larger scale. As his power and resources were, as yet, however, hardly sufficient to enable him to commence the hostilities which he meditated against the neighbouring beys and agas, he continued to prosecute his profession of robbery. He seized on all the passes and defiles about mount Pindus, leading into Thessaly and Romelia; and having garrisoned them with his klephtes, plundered all travellers and caravans that passed; and compelled those who fell into his

hands to redeem themselves at enormous prices, to avoid being sold as slaves. He laid taxes on all the smaller towns and hamlets; and plundered several defenceless places. By these means, he acquired a great booty, which afforded a resource for future operations.

These outrages at length called forth the indignation of the divan, and Kourd, pasha of Avlona, was ordered to march against the young klepht. Ali, who had formerly been taken prisoner in one of his predatory excursions against this pasha, (and had won so much on the affections of the old man, his wife, and daughter, by his bravery and address, that the two latter had fallen in love with him, and the former had dismissed him with valuable presents,) found no great difficulty in pacifying his old friend, who took him into his service, and sent a favourable account of him to Constantinople.

A series of successful petty wars, in which he exhibited superior skill and bravery, and, in several instances, the most diabolical cruelty, had rendered him terrible to his neighbours, and renowned at a distance. He was invited to Constantinople by the grand vizier, who conferred on him a command in his army. In this situation, he

displayed such consummate talents, bravery, and address, that although he was, all the while, carrying on a secret correspondence with the enemy, yet he was not suspected; but was, at the end of the campaign, created a pasha with two tails, and invested with the government of Thessaly. Removed from the inspection of the divan, his authority was exerted in extorting money from the people of his government, to enable him to carry into execution his ambitious projects. He levied contributions, plundered villages, and, having been made *derven-pasha*, whose charge is to guard the passes of the mountains against robbers, he established a trade in licences with the predatory chiefs, from which he derived a large revenue.

Ali had already murdered a brother, to make way for his succession to the possessions of his father. He now had recourse to the same horrible expedient, in order to procure his further advancement. The father and brother of his wife, both fell victims to his bloody policy; the former, by treachery, the latter by violence. He then seized upon their government of Agyro-Castro, and availing himself of the resources he found in that sangiacate, he crossed

Mount Pindus, at the head of a large army, and encamped before the city of Ioannina, in Epirus. The death of the pasha, had left the city without a head. The beys, however, assembled their troops, and gave him battle, but were repulsed. He was too weak to attempt the city by storm, and, therefore, had recourse to a stratagem, exceedingly wily and daring. Having, by means of his gold, secured some of the principal citizens to his interest, he pretended to wait quietly for the return of a deputation, which had been sent to the Porte by the beys, requesting the appointment of a successor to the late pasha. Ali secretly made interest with the deputies, and sent large presents to the vizier, to procure the nomination for himself. His application being unsuccessful, he intercepted the deputies on the way, as they were returning, with a firman, for his immediate retirement to his province, and the dissolution of his arms; and, having bribed their chief, he substituted another firman, by which he was proclaimed pasha of Ioannina. On their appearance before the city, the chief of the legates held aloft the sacred firman, while all the beys and inhabitants bowed their heads to the ground, in reverence to

the holy mandate of the successor of the prophet.

But what was their astonishment, when, on unfolding the sacred instrument, they found their enemy, Ali, declared pasha of Ioannina, and themselves commanded to yield him all due obedience! The treachery was suspected by many, but resistance was vain. His creatures, within the city, soon opened to him the gates, and he entered as the proud representative of the Sultan. He seized upon the treasure of the beys who escaped, and distributed it so liberally at the Porte, that his conduct was not inquired into.

From this time forth, he became not only the dread and scourge of Greece, but a dangerous subject to the Porte itself.

He now successively attacked and subdued the pashas of Arta, of Premeti, of Klissura, of Ostanizza, and Konitza. In all these possessions, and many others, he was soon confirmed by the successor of Abdulhamed, who had just ascended the Ottoman throne.

The history of Ali becomes thenceforth a part of the history of Europe. He was master of the extensive province of Romelia, (which includes the whole of ancient

Thrace,) of Thessaly, with the exception of Larissa, and of all Western Greece, (including Albania, Epirus, Acarnania, Œtolia, and Locris,) excepting a few fortified cities on the shore of the Ionian Sea. His turbulent and ambitious spirit engaged him in a constant series of wars, intrigues, and atrocities, to which, perhaps, the history of no other individual presents a parallel. He was now a personage of so much consequence, that his alliance was simultaneously courted by all the principal powers of Europe. Ambassadors from France, England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, resided at his capital, and his power was as much respected and dreaded, as that of the Sultan himself; whose authority Ali reluctantly acknowledged.

If the foreign policy of Ali, exhibited him a treacherous and dangerous ally, and a vindictive and dishonourable enemy, his domestic policy showed him no less manifestly, a selfish, rapacious, and unfeeling tyrant. Such qualities could not fail to render him extremely odious to the people whom he governed. His disposition to plunder, was by no means repressed by his elevation. His palace at Tepeleni, was filled with treasure which his rapacious vio-

lence had wrung from his unhappy people; and the complaints preferred by the sufferers, to the Porte, were easily stifled, by the liberal distribution of his gold at that corrupt and infamous court. The least remonstrance against his violence, or hesitation to comply with his unjust and exorbitant demands, was sure to procure for the subject, the prison or the scourge. He had, in every quarter of his dominions, spies posted, who narrowly watched the conduct and conversation of the leading individuals, and every symptom of discontent, or disaffection to his administration, was followed by the most rigorous imprisonment, or by secret assassination.

Fearful of the just indignation of an oppressed and afflicted people, the pasha never ventured abroad without being surrounded by a strong and impervious guard of his Albanians; nor did he ever receive food or drink, till he had tested its harmlessness, by compelling another person to partake of it, before him. He made an annual visit to each of the provincial cities in his jurisdiction, attended by a numerous train of marauders; and their route was, on such occasions, marked by rapine and blood.

The only tolerable feature of the administration of Ali, was an untiring vigilance in searching out, and destroying the hordes of klephtes, of which he had formerly been so distinguished a leader. His mode of punishing those who fell into his hands, was horribly barbarous. Empalement, crucifixion, burning at the stake, and roasting on a spit before a slow fire, were some of the horrible means he adopted to deter others from attempting to share with him the privilege and profit of general pillage and robbery.

The destruction of the klephtes was, however, but a poor compensation to the wretched people, for the tenfold greater aggressions and cruelties which he, himself, was constantly committing.

CHAPTER V.

When I was about twelve years old, I accompanied my father on a visit to Ioannina, the capital of Ali Pasha. This city is at the distance of about forty miles from Arta, and the road thither lies across

a lofty mountain, and through a beautiful little hamlet, called Scalopula. Ioannina is the most considerable city in Western Greece. It gives its name to the whole pashalik, and its situation exactly in the centre of Epirus, is so commanding and important, that it is not strange that the discriminating policy of Ali Pasha should have selected it as his residence, and bestowed vast pains in enlarging the city, and strengthening its fortifications. It stands on the west side of a lake of the same name, which is about ten or twelve miles in length, and two or three in breadth. From this lake, flows a river, called Limnas, which falls into the gulf of Arta.

The length of the city, is nearly three miles, and its breadth from one to two. The part which is built on the margin of the lake, is low, but the parts more remote therefrom, are built on acclivities which overlook the lake and the country toward the north and west. There are two principal streets, one of which runs almost the whole length of the city. In the rear of the buildings are pleasant gardens, producing various kinds of tropical fruits. From the central part of the city, a little triangular peninsula juts into the lake, on which

stood the fortress and one of the palaces of Ali Pasha. On each angle of this little peninsula, which is connected to the city by a bridge, is erected a strong tower, which together command the city, the lake, and the adjacent country. Ioannina is the most considerable city in the west of Greece. It contained at that time about fifty thousand inhabitants, principally Greeks and Albanians, with a few Turks, Jews and Armenians. The pasha had several palaces in the city: but the most elegant of these, as well as of all the public structures, was situated on an eminence to the west of the city; and was occupied by the pasha and his wives, as a summer residence. This palace was surrounded by a high wall, and was strongly fortified.

The lake of Ioannina is one of the most beautiful sheets of water imaginable. It is nearly ten miles long, and three broad. Its margin is skirted on the west and north by the city, and by a succession of beautiful groves, gardens and verdant plains, which extend along its whole length; and on the east by a range of lofty mountains which rise precipitately from its bank. In the centre of the lake is a charming little island, whither the grandees of the pasha's

court resorted in the heat of summer for recreation. The lake was covered with little boats passing to and fro: and the whole assemblage of objects, was such as a skilful painter would delight to copy. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the scene viewed by moonlight. The groves of orange and lemon, fanned by the air, and imparting to it their balminess,—the city lying in all its beauty, its snowy edifices reflecting the silver rays of the moon, and its lofty towers, minarets and pinnacles, seeming to pierce the clear blue canopy,—the rugged mountain with its dense and towering forests,—the lake reposing at its foot, and spreading its tranquil and amber waters, gilded by the trembling moonbeam, and ruffled only by the dipping oar, wherewith the boatman propelled the gliding skiff, while he broke the stillness with his midnight song:—all these together exhibited a spectacle most enchanting and glorious, and fitted to raise emotions of sublime delight, not however, without an alloy of regret, that in the bestowing of favours on that charming land, the hand of liberty had been so much less munificent than that of beauty.

Between Ioannina and Arta a considera-

ble inland trade is carried on, in hard wares, wines, olives, lemons, oranges, and various other kinds of fruits. The air of Ioannina is clear and piercing, and its temperature much colder than that of Arta. While at at Ioannina, I frequently saw Ali Pasha. He was at that time about seventy-five years of age. Never before was so fierce and untameable a soul, coupled with a form so venerable, or a countenance so benignant. A stranger would have taken him for a philosopher, if not a saint; and would be astonished to behold in a person of so much apparent suavity and mildness, the most bloody tyrant and rapacious robber of the age. He was considerably below the middle stature, though muscular and thick set. His head was uncommonly large; his legs remarkably short; his complexion was unusually fair, and his countenance full, florid, and intelligent; his eyes were blue, and exceedingly lively; his beard was white as milk, and hung down very low upon his breast; and there was perceptible in his air and manner, as little of the haughty reserve of the Turk, as of the savage fierceness of the Albanian. He wore on his head a high turban, composed of many small rolls, made of the finest gold muslin; over a rich Turk-

ish dress, he wore a jubé, or loose frock of light silk, trimmed with ermine. From a belt, or zone, of golden tissue, hung an ataghan, or long dagger, studded with diamonds; and a long, loose cloak, of light crimson, completed his attire. It is said, that his palace exhibited a sumptuousness hardly inferior to that of the Sultan himself; and he entertained foreigners of distinction with much hospitality.

CHAPTER VI.

The affluent circumstances of my father, and the influence which wealth confers, rendered him one of the peculiar subjects of the rapacity, as well as of the suspicion, of the creatures of the pasha. Desirous to find some situation affording more security to property, as well as apprehensive of personal danger to himself and family, he resolved to withdraw from the jurisdiction of a tyranny so galling.

Looking around him for some situation less insecure, and less unfavourable to his

pursuit, he fixed on Patras, in the Morea, (Peloponnesus.) Much address was necessary to effect his escape from the talons of Ali's rapacious harpies, who had received a mandate from the pasha to prevent his subjects from leaving his territories. He found means, however, to elude their vigilance, and fled to Patras. In that city, he recommenced his mercantile pursuits, and, after the inquiry respecting his absence was over, he also procured the escape of his family to the same place. We left the city and country of our fathers, with the strongest feelings of regret. Driven, as exiles, from our home, by the iron rod of oppression, emotions of indignation were mingled with those of grief, when we bade adieu to the friends and the scenes we loved.

Even now at this distance from the spot, and after the endurance of so many misfortunes and sufferings, my thoughts often recur with melancholy pleasure to the home of my childhood; and my heart cherishes with fond sensibility, the recollection of the beauties and delights of that lovely region, rendered more sacred to my memory by the associations of early friendship, and the holy ties of consanguinity.

After our settlement in Patras, my father resumed his mercantile occupation. The government of Tripolitza, (which pashalik included Patras,) was at that time in the hands of Mohammed Pasha. To do him justice, it must be confessed that his government was less intolerable than that of Ali Pasha; and that his exactions were not so exorbitant and enormous, but that commerce was a profitable pursuit. My father availed himself of the opportunity, and by his industry and enterprise, soon amassed an ample fortune. The commerce of Patras, was carried on chiefly with the ports of Italy. As my father had destined me for his own profession, I was carefully initiated by him into the principles and practice of trade; and instructed by a tutor in the rudiments of the Italian language. The affairs of my family continued as flourishing, and our prospects as bright as the despotism we were under would permit: till the occurrence of those calamitous events which involved us as well as our country in ruin and wretchedness.

The spirit of liberty which had been infused by Riga and his compatriots; which had been further excited by similar asso-

ciations of patriots, and justified by new and insupportable aggressions; and which had prompted the unfortunate Suliotes to a resistance which had drawn upon them the sword and flame of extermination—had in the year 1821, become general throughout Greece.

The noble attempts of Czerni George, and of Galeati in 1817, to liberate their country, though unsuccessful, had opened the eyes of their countrymen, increased their ardour for liberty, and stimulated them to a more general effort to obtain it.

In the spring of 1821, Ypsilanti, Cantacuzene and Suzzo, brave soldiers and accomplished men, raised the standard of revolution. Suzzo was a young Greek, who by his bravery and address, had so ingratiated himself with the Porte, that he had been appointed viceroy of Moldavia. Prince Cantacuzene was descended from an illustrious Greek family; and had greatly distinguished himself as a military commander, and although much superior in rank and age to Ypsilanti, yet he magnanimously volunteered to serve under him. Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, was the son of the viceroy of Wallachia, and was a major general in the service of Russia.

He had been bred a soldier from his boyhood, had acquired a high reputation in the campaign of 1812, and lost his right arm in the battle of Culm. He was bold, generous, honourable and patriotic. To him as their leader, and to his brother chieftains, the Greek patriots had confided the issue of their cause.

The plan of the Grecian commanders was, under existing circumstances, the best that human wisdom could devise; and had not the selfish and perfidious policy of Russia prevented, must have resulted in the most complete success. The Grecian patriots had been secretly assured of the co-operation of that power in effectuating the independence of their country. Ypsilanti had determined on commencing offensive operations beyond the Danube; Suzzo was at a proper time, to declare himself openly, and lead the Moldavians, as well as the Servians, who were now in a state of revolt, to his aid;—at the same time, a conspiracy was set on foot at Constantinople, the explosion of which, it was believed, would shake the Ottoman empire to its centre.

Ypsilanti attired his troops in a mourning habit, indicative of the afflicted state of his country: and assumed as a banner, the

figure of a phœnix rising from its ashes, in token of her regeneration. He issued an energetic proclamation, addressed to his countrymen, calling upon them to shake off the Turkish yoke, to follow the standard of the cross, and to join him in the great and glorious work of emancipating Greece; assuring them that the court of Russia was also ready to punish the infidels for their repeated perfidies and cruelties.

The effect of this proclamation was electric. The appearance of Ypsilanti in the field, and the assurance of the aid of Russia, gave such spirit and alacrity to every class of the people, that they flocked in great numbers to his standard. The plan of the commanders was so well executed, that Ypsilanti was, in a short time, master of all Moldavia and Wallachia. The plot at Constantinople, which was no less than to arm the Greeks in that capital, to fire the arsenal, and to seize the person of the Sultan, was in a favourable train; and all things seemed to promise a speedy and auspicious issue to the measures of the Greeks; when a manifesto of the Russian court, disclaiming all participation in those measures, and denouncing Ypsilanti as a

rebel and incendiary, fell like a thunderbolt on him and his compatriots.

The Moldavians, who had relied on the succour of that faithless court, soon began to waver, and Suzzo was obliged, for safety, to retire across the Danube. The plot at Constantinople, miscarried, when at the point of successful completion, by the misconduct or treachery of one of the individuals, to whom it had been entrusted.

Notwithstanding all these discouragements, the heroic Ypsilanti awaited at Bucharest, the approach of the Turkish grand army; against which he was resolved, weak and dispirited as were his troops, to hazard a general battle, as the only possible means left to revive the spirits of the revolutionists, and to save the country. But his design was unfortunately frustrated by the treachery of one of his principal officers, and the defection of part of his army.

In consequence of this disaster, he was obliged to make a hasty retreat with the remnant of his army to Tergovist, a city in the centre of Wallachia. The Turks soon entered Bucharest, having on their march thither, made a general slaughter of all the Greeks that fell into their hands. Multi-

tudes of both sexes were empaled alive; crowds of defenceless women were driven into monasteries, and there burnt; and hundreds of little children were hanged up by the feet along the public roads.

The Turkish army, after these horrible atrocities, set out in pursuit of Prince Ypsilanti. He called a council of war, and after a hasty deliberation, it was determined to risk a battle. The prince posted his little army as advantageously as circumstances would permit: and had hardly finished the necessary dispositions, when the Turks commenced the battle. This was on the morning of the 17th of June, 1821. The Turkish infantry rushed forward with loud shouts, but were repulsed with the bayonet. A second charge was repelled with equal intrepidity, and the fortune of the day seemed to incline to the patriot cause. At this fatal moment, Caravia, the commander of Ypsilanti's cavalry, with his squadrons, gave way, and shamefully fled. The corps of Nicholas Ypsilanti, brother of the prince, followed the example, in spite of the authority of their leader. The whole army was immediately thrown into the utmost confusion, and notwithstanding the greatest efforts of

the prince and the other chiefs to restore order and to rally the troops, they broke their ranks and fled in every direction.

To this shameful conduct, there was, however, a glorious exception and contrast, exhibited in the devoted heroism of a corps commanded by Giorgaki. This corps was composed of young Greeks of illustrious families, who had been educated at the universities of Christian Europe, and who now left them and repaired to the standard of Ypsilanti.

They formed a band of five hundred, and their zeal, patriotism, and union, had procured them the title of the *Sacred Band*. Preferring a glorious death to dishonour, they stood firm and collected amidst the confusion and flight of the panic-stricken army. Hoping, by the sacrifice of their lives, to wipe away the reproach of the day, and to produce an impression favourable to the cause of liberty, and to the character of their countrymen, they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. With their intrepid leader at their head, they maintained the field against the whole Turkish army. The human mind cannot conceive a spectacle of more interest or moral sublimity. The flower, the hope, the

glory of Greece were there offering themselves up, a voluntary oblation on the altar of her freedom. After performing prodigies of valour, they sunk beneath the overwhelming force and numbers of the enemy; and their devotion and deaths has rendered the plain of Oltau equally illustrious with those of Marathon and Thermopylæ.

Ypsilanti, left without an army and without hope in that quarter, hastened to Trieste, to embark for the Morea, in order to join his countrymen who had raised the patriot standard in that province. On his way thither, he was arrested by a mandate of the Austrian court, and thrown into the dungeon of Mongatz, in Hungary! No cause was ever assigned for this flagrant act of outrage and injustice!

The insurrections in Moldavia and Wallachia, were followed by a general order from the Porte to all the pashas in the empire, to disarm the Greeks in their respective provinces. At the same time, the signal for their extermination, was given at Constantinople. The Greek patriarch, Gregorius, a meek and inoffensive man, was seized and hanged before the church where he was celebrating the rites of religion; and his body was given to the Jews, who with

savage delight dragged it through the city as a spectacle and warning to the terrified Christians. At the same time, many Greek churches in various parts of the empire were destroyed, and the priests murdered. These and other atrocities, led the Greek clergy in the Morea and the islands, from a regard to safety, to exert their influence in fomenting the spirit of resistance. They found the people not less ready than themselves to engage in a cause which had liberty for its object, and was sanctified by the authority of religion. Their indignation and horror were also excited to the highest degree, by the shocking massacres which the Turks had commenced in several of the provinces and islands.

At Patras, the people had an additional cause of exasperation. A most enormous levy had been made on that city, for the purchase of supplies for the army of Reschid Pasha, in Albania, who were acting against Ali Pasha, then in a state of rebellion.

The inhabitants of Suda, a town of Arcadia, had already taken the field. In Patras, the Greek merchants, aware that general hostilities must soon commence, began to send off or secrete their property;

and the Turks, to repair and strengthen the fortress, which both defends and commands the city.

The city of Patras, at the commencement of hostilities, contained about 12,000 inhabitants. It is pleasantly situated on a gentle acclivity, on the south-west side of the entrance of the gulf of Lepanto, or Corinth. On an elevation near the city stands the fortress, garrisoned at that time by five or six hundred Turks, and containing 150 guns, though not more than 20 or 25 were mounted and effective. This fortress overlooks the town. It has two large gates at the northern and southern extremities. Of these gates or portals, the southern was several years before the commencement of the revolution, thrown down by lightning, but was about four years afterward rebuilt by the Turks. The fortress is of a circular form. The outer wall is very high, of great thickness and strength, and surrounded by a broad moat. On this wall the cannon are mounted—within is a second wall, overlooking the former, and inclosing the houses and barracks of the garrison; and the area within a third wall is occupied as an arsenal.

In April, 1821, the suspicions of the Turkish garrison were awakened by the

secret removal of a large number of the Greek inhabitants of the city. Measures were immediately taken by Zidar Aga, the Turkish commandant, to put the fortress into the best posture of defence, in order to repel the anticipated attack. The aga attempted to enforce the order to disarm the Greek inhabitants, but met a firm resistance. He then turned the cannon of the fortress against the city, and soon obtained possession of it. A multitude of peasants, collected by the zeal and efforts of Germanos, archbishop of Patras, soon recovered possession of the town, and drove the Turks into the citadel.

The aga gave immediate orders to set fire to the house of the archbishop. This violence was the signal for open hostilities. The Greeks, filled with indignation at such a wanton outrage, hastily seized their arms, assembled in a body, and made a vigorous assault upon the fortress.

The Turks commenced a cannonade upon the city, but being unskilful in the management of artillery, their fire produced but little effect. The Greeks, who had previously left the city, now flocked in from the mountains, accompanied by the neighbouring peasantry. A general shout was heard

throughout the Grecian multitude. Ελευθερία, ελευθερια! διά πιστι, του Χριστού! (Liberty, liberty! for the faith of Christ!)

On a neighbouring hill, called Scatovuni, within a short distance of the citadel, they took a position, and threw up a battery. A vigorous and regular siege was commenced by five or six thousand Greeks. For eleven days, a constant fire was maintained on both sides. The Greeks, during the first days of the siege, had no cannon, but they at length obtained some small pieces from an Ionian vessel, lying in the harbour. They were, however, too light to make any breach in the wall, especially as they could, from the nature of the ground, be directed only against that part which had been recently repaired from the damage done by lightning, and which was, consequently, stronger than the rest. To storm the fortress, was impracticable, from the breadth of the moat, and the want of ladders. It was, at length, determined to open a mine beneath the wall, as the only practicable mode of reducing the garrison, before a reinforcement from the enemy should arrive.

While things remained thus at Patras, a number of Greek officers arrived in the Morea from various parts of Europe and

the islands. Among the most distinguished of these, were Demetrius Ypsilanti, a younger brother of the captive Prince, from whom he bore a commission, constituting him generalissimo of all the military forces in Greece. A younger brother of Prince Cantacuzene, who accompanied Ypsilanti; Constantine Colocotroni, who had served both in the British and Russian armies, and Prince Mavrocordato, a man eminent for his talents and elevated character.

A council was formed at Patras, for the direction of affairs; consisting of several bishops, and a number of other wealthy and influential Greeks. At the head of the council, was Pietro Mavromicali, who had shortly before, received from the Porte the appointment of bey of Maina. He immediately published an energetic and eloquent manifesto, addressed to the several courts of Christian Europe, setting forth the reasons for taking up arms, and calling upon the Christian nations for counsel and aid.

The siege of the citadel at Patras, was vigorously pressed; a mine was opened, and almost ready to be sprung; the Turks had begun to suffer, for want of provisions; and every thing seemed to promise a speedy reduction of the garrison: when an unexpect-

ed incident frustrated and destroyed the hopes of the besiegers.

This was the arrival of Ysouf Pasha, at the head of a large body of cavalry. Taking advantage of the obscurity of a night unusually dark, he had transported his troops across the gulf, from the city of Lepanto, and appeared with them on the plain before the city early in the morning, in array of battle.

This enterprise had been conducted with so much secrecy and despatch, and so complete and effectual was the surprise the Greeks suffered, that the first intimation of the circumstance, was communicated to the citizens by a simultaneous discharge of all the guns of the citadel, by way of salute, and by the entrance of Ysouf Pasha, and his cavalry, into the city.

Many of the Greeks were in their beds. Roused by the noise and confusion, they commenced a precipitate flight; some to the seashore, and others to the mountains. Thousands of men, women and children, were rushing through the streets in every direction, endeavouring to escape the scymetar of the bloody conquerer. The town was immediately given up to pillage. The aged and infirm, and infants of both

sexes, who were unable to escape, were dragged from their habitations and hiding places, and butchered in the streets.

My father's residence was in a central part of the city. Most of the family were in bed when the alarm was given. I had just risen, and hearing a tremendous explosion of cannon, and a great tumult and confusion, I hurried to the door to learn the cause,—and on opening it, I was suddenly seized by a Turkish soldier. He bound my hands, and commanded me with many execrations, (in broken Greek,) to go before him to the citadel. Entreaty was as unavailing as opposition would have been. My tears and supplications were addressed to a heart of marble; and my reluctant steps were goaded forward by the muzzle of the musket of my captor.

Thus was I, at the age of seventeen, torn from the bosom of my family, to behold *some*, perhaps *all*, of them no more for ever. Their fate, I was unable to ascertain; and the suspense and anxiety of my soul were insupportable. Ah, ye favoured of heaven, whose lot is cast in this happy and peaceful land; who have never beheld the sword and flame of war spreading carnage, misery and desolation

around you; whose friendships have not been severed by the stroke of the scymitar; and who have never felt the agony of being deprived by massacre, dispersion and chains, of that sweetest of all earthly joys, the society of parents, brothers and sisters; as little can you imagine as I describe my feelings, at that distressful and disastrous hour!

On reaching the fortress, my captor secured me in a solitary apartment, and left me pinioned and half dead with grief and terror. As he was a soldier of the lowest order, I had every thing to apprehend from his brutality, and nothing to hope from his humanity. He soon after returned accompanied by some other Turkish soldiers. Expecting immediate death, I endeavoured to commend myself to God, and await the issue.

On being informed by some of his companions, by whom I was recognized, that I was the son of a wealthy merchant, and that my father had probably secreted his money somewhere in the neighbourhood, as many other rich Greeks had done, he proceeded to interrogate me concerning its disposal, and the place of its supposed concealment. My inability to satisfy his ra-

pacious curiosity, was construed into wilful contumacy; my most solemn asseverations of ignorance were disbelieved, and their repetition served but to kindle and inflame his rage.

Stung with disappointment in being thus defeated in the attainment of his anticipated booty, he seized me, and with eyes darting fury, he drew his ataghan, and swore by Alla (God) and his prophet, that he would cut me in pieces. He made a violent stroke with his weapon across my arms (still pinioned behind me,) which inflicted a severe wound on one of my wrists. He then aimed a thrust at my head, but the point of his dagger striking against a bone behind my right ear, was prevented from penetrating deeply. His fury was here checked by the representations of his companions, and seemed to give place in some measure to another passion, that of avarice. They reminded him that if he killed me, he would lose the large sum he had calculated on as the price that I should bring in the market: for as it was known that my father was wealthy, and would, if living, pay a high price for my ransom, it was imagined that my purchaser, when informed of that circumstance, would be more liberal in his

price. To these representations, I owe the prolongation of a life, subsequently so filled with suffering, that its preservation can hardly be accounted a blessing.

Meanwhile, the work of destruction was going on in the city. No adequate idea can be conveyed of the horrible atrocities that were committed on the unhappy inhabitants. The old and helpless of both sexes were dragged forth shrieking into the streets and slaughtered; the matrons and wives were brutally abused and whipped; the young women were violated, and then murdered or dragged to the shambles and sold into slavery. Invention was set on the rack to find modes of torture. Vengeance was superadded to cruelty, and brutal passion to vengeance, in aggravating the torment and agonies of the unhappy sufferers.

All the men who were taken in arms, were immediately beheaded. Fifty that morning were led into the fortress, and suffered death in this manner before my eyes; and their bleeding bodies were flung out to be trampled on by the cavalry and to be devoured by dogs. Nothing but the fatigue of exertion, put an end at last to the horrible work of rapine and slaughter.

The fate of these unhappy men was, however, enviable, compared with that of those who lived to endure the shocking miseries of a protracted slavery.

CHAPTER VII.

My captor, having concluded that my death would be a loss to him, and, not yet despairing of being able to compel me to disclose the depository of my father's money, forbore to put the finishing stroke to my wretchedness. He now fell to whipping me with rods, and continued for three days and two nights, at short intervals, to inflict that horrible punishment. The excruciating torture I endured, from the shocking laceration of my flesh, at length rendered me frantic, and I heartily wished for death to put a period to my torment. On his approaching me the last time, brandishing the instrument of his barbarity, I begged him to kill me, and satiate his demoniac vengeance with my blood. I entreated and implored him, in the name of his God, and of

his prophet, to terminate my sufferings then, for I could endure no more. I imprecated and denounced him as an unbeliever in any God, or any religion, hoping to *provoke* him to inflict the fatal blow, for which I *supplicated* in vain. With a fiend-like laugh, he assured me, that he was not to be moved by prayers, nor provoked by reproaches, to an act so prejudicial to his interest. I repeated my execrations, till at length his savage temper could be no longer suppressed. He took a large pistol from his belt, cocked it, and pressed it against my breast. He snapped it, and it missed fire. Another trial was equally unsuccessful. Enraged at the disappointment, he struck me furiously with the pistol several times on my forehead. I fell on the ground, stunned, and apparently dead. The blood gushed in copious streams from my forehead, and ran like water along the floor. It is probable, that he would, on this occasion, have put an end to my misery, and life, together, had not one of his companions, who accidentally entered the room at that moment, interfered, and advised him to desist, and to spare my life. He remarked, that it would be a pity to kill me, as I would, doubtless, bring something in the market, and recommend-

ed to him to take me thither, and dispose of me, and apply the proceeds to the purchase of a horse, or of equipments. This suggestion seemed to mitigate his fury, and recall his recollection. He desisted from further violence, and exhausted the venom of his spite in stigmatizing with a variety of execrations and opprobrious epithets, the "Greek dog," (Σκέλλω Ρωμιέ,) while I lay lacerated, bleeding, and half dead before him.

His rage being abated, the barbarian took some sulphur and olive oil, and melted them together in a pan. Then, having dipped a piece of cotton therein, he bound it closely round my forehead, which was still bleeding profusely. The application of this styptic, staunched the blood, and the wounds, in a short time, began to heal. The scars of them remain, however, as a convincing testimony of Turkish cruelty. I was then shut up in a wretched apartment, that I might acquire, by a short respite from torture, a more merchantable plight. During this time, my condition was truly deplorable. My flesh had been so horribly bruised, and mangled; it was so much swollen, that it had assumed a livid colour, and was so exceedingly painful, that, with the slightest touch, or motion, I could hardly refrain

from screaming aloud; and I was unable to sit, stand, or lie, without great torment. In this situation, I remained five days; at the expiration of which, I was dragged forth to the Pasari, or market place, where I was subjected, with several other Greeks, chiefly females, to the inspection of the Turkish traders, as a horse, or any other brute; and was, at length, purchased by a Bey, named Mustapha, for five hundred piastres, a sum equal to about seventy-eight dollars of the currency of the United States.*

As my new master was a man of rank, I had conceived a hope of less barbarous treatment from him, than from the brutal monster from whose tyranny I was now released. My reception, however, soon convinced me that I had only been transferred from the hands of one *Turk* to those of *another*.

I was taken with much rudeness, and no commiseration to the house of my new master. My common appellative was, "You dog." (In the Turkish language,

* Some time before the revolution in Greece, a dollar was valued at $5\frac{3}{4}$ piasters. At the time I was sold, it was reckoned at $6\frac{1}{2}$; the dollar gradually increased in value; and when I returned to Greece from this country, in 1827, it was equal to $15\frac{1}{2}$ piasters.

Sen chiopec;) and I was introduced to my new situation by the only title which I bore for more than four years. "Giaour chiopec,"—(Christian dog.) The object, to accomplish which my master now set himself, was to make me a convert to the Turkish religion. In order to do this, he inquired of me first, if I wished to become a man. I answered, that, thank God, I was one already. He said he meant a Mussulman; a believer in the true prophet; that Christians were not men, but dogs. He then proposed to me a change in my religion, offered me several advantages as the necessary consequences of such a change, spoke of a removal of my bondage, and the immediate improvement of my condition,—and set forth with much zeal, the future joys which the Koran promises to every true believer. He endeavoured to strengthen these considerations, by adding to them many threats of punishment, perpetual slavery or death in the event of my refusal. I told him firmly, that, much as I valued liberty and life, I valued my religion more than either. That I could never consent to renounce it;—but should live while I did live, and die when I did die, in the faith of Christ.

He fell into a violent passion, and calling his choushe or principal Secretary, commanded him to throw me into a dungeon. In obedience to this mandate, the choushe dragged me to a cell under ground, about six or seven feet square, where dogs had been kept. Here I was kept twenty-eight hours without a morsel of food or a drop of water; and all his retainers were prohibited, by the severest penalties, from any intercourse with me. After this time had elapsed, apparently apprehensive that further deprivation of air and food might hazard the loss of his property; and, perhaps, conceiving that the preservation of the body, was of more consequence to him, than that of the soul, of his slave; he sent orders to the choushe to bring me again before him. On my approaching him, he said to me with a sneer of contempt, "Well, dog, have you come to your senses? Are you now willing to become a Mussulman? to throw off your religion—the religion of dogs, and embrace ours?" I answered, in substance, as before, that "I had attachments to my faith, which I could not break; that I had formed a firm and unalterable resolution never to aban-

don it, nor to swerve from its principles, whatever might be the result."

The decisive tone of my answer, which was, perhaps, in some degree strengthened by resentment, seemed to redouble his rage. With many execrations he commanded me to my dungeon, swearing that I should remain there till I abjured my religion, and adopted his, or died from starvation. I was again thrown into the same loathsome cell, with six dogs as my companions. In this situation, I lived for two months and a half; my lacerated flesh still unhealed, my frame wasted and weakened by hunger and pain, without a gleam of light to cheer my despondency, with no bed but the cold and wet earth, whereon to rest my weary and emaciated limbs, and with no other nourishment than a small piece of black, mouldy and worm-eaten bread, and a cup of filthy water, once in twenty-four hours. No one was permitted during my confinement, to approach my cell, except a little black, called Selim, who once a day, thrust my miserable fare through a small aperture in the wall of my dungeon, and then immediately closed it and retired, without speaking.

The aim of my master was to inflict all the suffering my enfeebled frame would possibly bear, short of death. He did not wish to lose the seventy-eight dollars he had paid for me, and, therefore, allowed me just a sufficiency to eke out a life which I should have been glad to resign. During some of the last days that I remained in this dungeon, I had become so completely worn out with hunger and exhaustion, that I was unable to stand, or scarcely to move my limbs. I lay on the ground, expecting and wishing to die; and the only tokens of life I was able to exhibit, were the faint groans I occasionally uttered. The black boy had been instructed to watch the effects of this barbarous treatment, and, when he perceived that the cord of suffering had been drawn to the utmost stretch of endurance, to give an intimation thereof to my master. The black now began to notice me attentively from day to day, and, at length, informed my master, that I could hold out no longer. On hearing this, he immediately deputed another servant with the black, to bring me again before him. On seeing me, he inquired, "Well, dog, what think you by this time? Are you now ready to become a Mohammedan?" I was too weak

to answer. He narrowly observed my condition, and, beholding my emaciated and death-like appearance, spoke for some time to the other Turks, who were present, I suppose, in explanation of his treatment to me, and then ordered me some pilaf or boiled rice, a piece of beef, and some bread and water.——I was so extremely weak, and so near death, that I had no appetite or disposition to eat. I swallowed with much difficulty a mouthful or two, and was then conveyed to another apartment, above ground, on the floor of which was a straw carpet, and an old rug, swarming with vermin. My master soon after sent me a cup of coffee, by which I was somewhat refreshed. My fare here was rather more tolerable than before, although I was terribly annoyed by vermin, and deprived of the comforts of light and wholesome air; and although my mind was constantly on the rack of anxiety for the fate of my family, and of apprehension for my own, yet the natural vigour of my constitution began to prevail over the privations and hardships I suffered.

My master spared no pains to intimidate me by threats, and to tempt me by promises, to become a convert to his faith; but at

length wearied with my firmness, (which he deemed obstinacy,) and despairing of success in his experiment, he desisted from further persecution. After remaining a month or more in this prison, and having in a degree recovered from the effects of my former severe sufferings, I was permitted to go out and to enjoy the luxury of light, fresh air, and exercise. My master then led me into the house, and installed me into the office of a lower servant, whose duty it is to understand a command before it is uttered; to be ready to perform whatever work may be assigned, but more especially to take the charge of the paraphernalia of his master, particularly of his pipes and tobacco, whence he is called "chibouc olan," or "boy of the pipe."

CHAPTER VIII.

The use of tobacco, as well as of coffee, among the Turks is excessive. Tobacco is very cheap and mild, and is used only by smoking; coffee is taken exceedingly strong,

very thick, and without sugar. My master usually smoked one hundred pipes or more, and drank about fifty cups of coffee in a day. My employment of administering these luxuries, it may well be supposed, kept me in pretty constant activity. The clapping of his hands was the common signal for the performance of these offices.

The Turkish pipe is about two yards in length. The bowl is small and formed of clay; the stem is commonly of cherry tree or jasmine, into the end of which, a short cylindrical tube is inserted, curiously wrought of opal, emerald, and amber, the colours whereof are beautifully arranged, and it is terminated by a large knob of amber, which in the act of smoking is inserted in the mouth.

On the introduction of visiters, the custom is, immediately to furnish to each individual a cup of coffee and a pipe. These cups are very small, and formed of silver. At their meals, the guests are seated on low couches, or on the carpet, around a table raised a few inches above the floor. On the table is placed a huge dish of victuals, from which they help themselves with their fingers, with little regard to order or decency. Neither knives, forks, or plates, ever ap-

pear at their meals; and so great is their dislike to the use of these implements, that I remember I was once severely punished, and threatened with death, for having unwittingly infringed the national custom, by constructing a wooden fork for my own use, and using it in the presence of my master. For this offence, I was excluded for some time from the table of the other servants, and compelled to eat of the refuse of their meals.

As I was the youngest and lowest of the servants, I was treated with much indignity and severity by them as well as by Mustapha himself. Between the master and the servants, my situation was exceedingly irksome. Of Mustapha Bey, candour, however, obliges me to say, that he seemed not utterly incapable of humane feelings,—but they were rendered callous by excessive bigotry; and that his cruel treatment to me, may be, perhaps, ascribed to his intolerant zeal for his religion, rather than to natural malignity of heart.

I was obliged to stand constantly behind my master, in continual readiness to perform any and every menial duty that his necessity or caprice imposed. The only seasons of recreation I enjoyed, were

at those times when I attended him in his visits or peregrinations about the streets, carrying his pipe and a pouch of tobacco.

CHAPTER IX.

In this servile and contemptible occupation, almost five years of my life were spent. The monotony of a period like this, it will be readily conceived, affords but few incidents that can awaken interest, or claim attention. Every successive day brought a renewal of the same dull task. Perhaps it is not one of the least miseries of slavery, that it binds down the victim, soul and body, to the same narrow range of action, to the same unvaried course of tedious drudgery of the body, and uninterrupted lethargy of the mind. A short general sketch of the religion of the Turks, may, in this place, afford more entertainment to the reader, than the monotonous details of my own history.

There are several sects of Mohammedans. The Turks belong to that of Omar. The rule of their faith and practice is the

Koran. The two principal points of their belief are, that there is one God, and that Mohammed is his prophet. The precepts of the Koran enjoin, as indispensable duties, frequent ablutions,—prayers four times a day,—the bestowing of alms according to the giver's ability,—fasting during the month of Ramazan,—and pilgrimages to the sepulchre of the prophet, at Mecca,—one pilgrimage thither being considered as necessary to salvation. Few, however, scrupulously observe all these injunctions. The use of pork and of wine are prohibited; and every Mussulman is allowed as many wives and concubines as he is able to maintain.

The charity which the Koran enjoins, is chiefly confined to the erection and repairs of public edifices, as mosques, caravansaries, fountains, baths, colleges, and bridges. Little is applied directly in relieving the wants of the necessitous.

The Turks believe in the doctrine of predestination so implicitly, as to prevent their taking precaution against the plague and other evils; and they endure pain and afflictions with wonderful patience and fortitude.

The religion, government, and laws, of the Turks, are closely blended together.

The divine must be learned in the law, and the lawyer skilled in the Koran. The Sultan, though absolute, is virtually restricted by the ordinances of religion, and the decisions of the mufti.

The mufti is, next to the grand vizier, or prime minister, the principal officer in the empire. He is at the head of the religious establishment. The superior clergy and lawyers, compose a numerous body, called Ulema,—the grand religious council, whose decrees are binding, both on the inferior clergy, and laity. Subordinate to these, are the imams, or inferior priests, who perform the public offices of religion in the mosques. In the execution of these, they are extremely regular and punctilious. Their discourses consist chiefly of moral lessons, which they inculcate with much zeal; and thus take frequent occasion in their public ministrations to arraign the conduct, not only of the higher classes, and the officers of state, but even of the Sultan himself.

The Turkish women never exhibit themselves in public, except when performing the offices of religion. No male visitant is ever permitted to enter the harem, or apartment of the females, except the husband, and, occasionally, a small boy to run of errands, and fulfil other domestic services.

Being the youngest of the servants, this class of duties was assigned to me. I was daily sent by my master to the harem, to inquire if any thing was wanted, and was often employed in disposing of such little articles as the ladies of the harem amused themselves in manufacturing—such as gold thread, embroidery, &c. This was, however, a distinction that filled me with many apprehensions, and subjected me to imminent hazards. In the disposal of these trifles, I was obliged to go out into the street, where it was exceedingly dangerous for a Greek to appear, the Turks being at that time exceedingly exasperated on account of some recent successes of my countrymen.

CHAPTER X.

The successes alluded to in the last chapter, were the capture of Calavrita and Calamata, two strong places; the former in the northern part of the ancient Arcadia, and the latter in the south of Messenia, about ten miles from the ancient city of Sparta. These two places capitulated to

the Greeks after short sieges, and the garrisons were made prisoners. The Greeks were also successful at Gastugni and Lalla, two strong towns of Elis. These latter advantages were, however, dearly purchased. The siege of Gastugni cost the Greeks several valuable officers, and some of their bravest troops, while that of Lalla exhibited on both sides examples of bravery rarely equalled. The fortress was at length taken by the Greeks, and Ysouf Pasha, who had made a forced march from Patras to Lalla, at the head of twelve hundred cavalry, in order to raise the siege, was routed by an inferior number of Greeks, under Metaxa, and compelled, with great loss, to return to Patras, whither the Lalliotes, with their families, also retired.

This advantage gained by the Greeks, over Ysouf Pasha and his veteran troops, could not fail to wound deeply, the pride of that haughty commander, vain-glorious as he was of his military prowess, and ambitious of the reputation of a conqueror. His chagrin began to evince itself immediately after his return to Patras, in the exercise of his vengeance on all the Greeks he found in that city. In addition to this, many of the Turks of Patras, had lost relatives and

friends in these conflicts, which stimulated them to a barbarous revenge on all the Greeks who fell into their hands. My life was thus in danger every hour. I scarcely went out of the house, but I saw numbers of my unfortunate countrymen slaughtered, and lying dead about the street;—and several times have I been pursued, and obliged to fly for my life.

On my precipitate return into my master's house, he would ask me the cause of my hurry and perturbation. On relating to him the butcheries I had just witnessed and escaped, he would reply with the greatest coolness: "Yes, in a few days you will, all of you, experience the same fate—every Greek dog in the city will surely be killed. If you wish to escape, therefore, you must renounce your religion and embrace ours."* I told him, "I had not the hardihood to abandon my faith, and my God." He replied: "You will have then

* A renunciation of my religion, would have carried with it a presumption, that it was done voluntarily. In making it, therefore, I should have laid under the imputation of a traitor to my religion and country; and I should have been compelled, in case any Greeks fell into my hands, to exercise the same barbarities toward them that were inflicted on myself.

the hardihood to die." Several attempts were afterward made to destroy me by assassination. I was frequently waylaid, and owed my rescue in several instances, to the interference of my master's friends. Upon these occasions my master would labour to convince me of the expediency of changing my religion, and of adopting one that would ensure me safety; adding that if I persisted in my obstinate resolution, he would surely give me up to be massacred like the rest of my countrymen.

My fears were daily heightened by fresh successes of the Greeks in various parts of the Morea. Every rumour of this kind served to exasperate the Turks; and was a signal for a new massacre of the unhappy slaves and captives that fell into their hands. My countrymen were now masters of, or were besieging, almost all the strong places in the Morea;—and the Turks at Patras were in constant expectation of an attack on that city. In proportion to their apprehensions, their savage fury seemed to increase. My countrymen, many of whom I knew, were every day butchered before my eyes like cattle. But death alone was not sufficient to satiate the bloody vengeance of these monsters. Old and de-

crepid women have I seen shockingly tortured and mutilated, previous to execution. Some of seventy and eighty years of age, had their legs and arms first cut off, and then their noses and tongues, and were then suffered to welter in their blood, till their tormentors having glutted their vengeance sufficiently with such horrid scenes of human agony, would at last despatch them with the scymitar. Married women, in many instances, had their breasts cut off, after suffering the most brutal violence and dishonour. Nor did the more youthful females meet a less severe fate. They were violated and exposed to the vulgar mob in the most brutal and disgusting manner; abused with the grossest and most insulting familiarity, and then put to death. Little children and babes mercilessly whipped and beaten to death against the walls. Many were empaled alive, and suffered to remain till they died, in that agonizing and horrible manner. I am aware that descriptions like these, must shock the feelings, and perhaps stagger the credulity of a humane and polished community,—but they are facts, which I have myself seen, and which it would, no doubt, have been my lot to share, but for the care of my mas-

ter, who with all his great respect for religion, and desire to make a convert, had still more for the money which I had cost him.

CHAPTER XI.

It was remarked above, that the life of a slave has in it but little of variety. Cut off from society, and forbidden the privilege of participating in the pursuits and occupations of freemen, he has little concern with mankind, or mankind with him. The only incidents that occur to break the uniformly miserable tenor of his existence, are the greater or less degree of suffering inflicted and endured. The five years of my life that wore away in the misery of slavery, were chequered by few events of interest to any but myself.

I have thought it better to give a brief summary of some of the leading events of the revolution during the period of my slavery, than to fatigue the reader with the comparatively unimportant details of my own personal history.

The successes at Calavrita, Calamata, Gastugni, and Lalla, served to encourage and to unite the Greeks; and their indignation was awakened by the intelligence from every quarter of the empire, of the most atrocious cruelties inflicted on their countrymen.

The seraskier, Reschid Pasha, who was employed before Ioannina in crushing the rebellion of Ali Pasha, having learned the situation of affairs in the Morea, despatched Mohammed Pasha, his lieutenant, with 6000 Albanian cavalry, to check the progress of the revolt. Mohammed crossed the gulf of Corinth, and entered Patras with great parade. After remaining several days, he set out for Tripolitza, a strong castle in the south, then invested by Colocotroni with a small body of Arcadians. The scattering bands of unorganized peasantry, fled at his approach. He ravaged the interior of the Morea, spreading havoc and desolation wherever he came, plundering and burning the towns, and butchering the defenceless inhabitants. After drenching the interior with blood, he appeared before Tripolitza, and compelled Colocotroni to raise the blockade and retire. Assuming the command of the city, he com-

menced a system of predatory warfare, plundering and destroying the neighbouring villages and their inhabitants. In one of his expeditions, he fell in with Nicetas, one of the Grecian captains, who on that occasion distinguished himself by a display of singular bravery.

Having halted in a small hamlet, with only fifty followers, Nicetas was suddenly attacked by Mohammed in person, with more than three thousand men, and three pieces of cannon. Undismayed by such tremendous odds, Nicetas took his measures with such consummate skill, and made so gallant and effectual a resistance, that the enemy were repulsed with great loss, and made a precipitate retreat, leaving among the slain Ali Bey, the second in command. Enraged at this defeat, Mohammed resolved to try his fortune against Colocotroni, who, with a small body of light infantry, was posted at Valdezza, near Tripolitza. Counting on success with the greatest assurance, he permitted his troops to pass the night before the attack in jollity and military dances. He was, however, wofully mistaken. In the situation, wherein they were compelled to act, the superiority of his numbers was of no avail,

His cavalry, which in the plain would have prostrated the Grecian phalanx at a blow; were, among rocks and precipices, unable to act with union or effect, and were soon thrown into disorder, and repulsed by the fire of the Grecian infantry. A vigorous attack in flank completed the defeat, and a total rout ensued. Two hundred Turks, and a great number of Albanians, were killed. The rest fled to Tripolitza, leaving behind them their arms and ammunition.

Mohammed dared not appear in the field after this disaster, but immediately shut himself up in Tripolitza, which was invested by Ypsilanti.

The Greek navy had, at this time, the complete command of the Ægean. An attempt of the Turks, with a formidable fleet, to recover their ascendency in that sea, proved abortive; and served no other purpose, than to afford Kanaris, the Greek admiral, an opportunity, by means of his fire-ships, of destroying many, and dispersing the rest of the enemy's fleet, and of achieving one of the most glorious naval exploits on record.

The destruction of the Turkish fleet, filled the Greeks with enthusiastic joy, and the Divan, with the most vindictive rage.

Massacres of the Christians were renewed throughout every part of the empire. In some parts, whole settlements were exterminated. In Asia Minor, where no symptoms of revolt had been shown, or contemplated, several cities were completely depopulated with the sword.

An attempt of the Turkish forces in the north of Greece, to enter the Morea by the strait of Thermopylæ, was frustrated by Ulysses, who, at the head of the Bœotian peasantry, drove back the invaders with great loss.

The important fortress of Tripolitza, one of the strongest in the Morea, and the Turkish head-quarters, was after a long and bloody siege, both by land and sea, forced to capitulate on the 7th of October, 1821.

Soon after, the strong and important citadel of Corinth, which commands the gulf of that name, and the entrance to the Morea, was surrendered to the Greeks, and, on account of its strength and security, made the seat of government.

A squadron of Turkish and Barbary vessels were, about this time, attacked by the Greek admirals, off the coast of Messenia, and, by means of the fire-ships of Kanaris, were routed and dispersed.

In March, 1822, was committed one of the most horrible deeds of barbarity that ever disgraced the annals of the world. The beautiful island of Scio, containing a population of about 110,000 persons, distinguished for their wealth, hospitality, intelligence, and literature, was, while in a state of loyal and quiet submission to the Porte, attacked by a Turkish fleet of fifty sail, filled with troops, and a general massacre commenced, of men, women, and children, which after continuing three weeks, without intermission, was terminated only by the complete extermination of the unoffending and ill-fated inhabitants.

Soon after the massacre at Scio, the capudan pasha, or Turkish admiral, the monster who had perpetrated that horrible tragedy, was, while his fleet were lying in the gulf of Adrameti, formerly Adramytium, attacked in the night by Kanaris, with his fire-ships, and himself, his ship, and every soul on board, destroyed, and the fleet entirely dispersed.

The army of Reschid Pasha being set at liberty, by the overthrow and death of Ali Pasha, now set out for the Morea, in two divisions. The one was to cross the mountains, traverse eastern Greece, and raise the siege of Corinth: the other was to descend

through western Greece, reduce Missolonghi, then in possession of the Greeks, thence to cross the gulf at Patras, and the two divisions were to rendezvous before Tripolitza, and attempt the recovery of that city.

Prince Mavrocordato, accompanied by Marco Bozzaris, marched, with a body of troops, from Missolonghi, to check the progress of the western division of the Turkish army. This enterprise was unsuccessful, and the Greeks were forced to retreat before superior numbers. In this expedition, a battalion of European volunteers, composed wholly of officers who had served with reputation in the armies of Europe, and commanded by General Normann, a gallant and veteran German officer, with some Cephalenians, formed the advanced guard of the army. This guard being, by some mischance, separated from the main body, was suddenly attacked and surrounded by the whole Turkish army. A display of heroism ensued, not, perhaps, surpassed in military history. Recollecting their former noble achievements, and inspired with sentiments of glory, these brave men disdained to surrender, but maintained their ground for several hours against the overwhelming

weight of the enemy. They fell gloriously on the field, after performing prodigies of valour. Their heroic leader, alone, escaped, with a severe wound This battle was fought near the city of Arta.

In June, the acropolis of Athens, after a vigorous siege, was surrendered to the Greeks; and the garrison, consisting of eleven hundred Turks, were conveyed to the coast of Asia Minor.

After a long and close siege, the castle of Napoli di Romania, the strongest fortress in all Greece, was obliged to agree to terms of capitulation.

The generous Ypsilanti, to preserve the lives and property of the garrison, had agreed to an armistice of forty days, that they might gradually retire by sea without molestation from the Greek soldiery. But this compact was frustrated, and the entire destruction of Greece menaced by the sudden appearance in Thessaly, of an army of thirty thousand Turks and Albanians, under the command of Machmoud Pasha, which poured down like a deluge through Thessaly, sweeping all before it in its desolating course.

To stem this torrent was impossible, in the broken and dispersed state of the pa-

triot army. A considerable portion of the Greek force, under Mavrocordato, with Marco Bozzaris, was blocked by Omar Bey, at Missolonghi. Colocotroni with a few hundred men, was before Patras. Ypsilanti and Nicetas, with an inconsiderable force, were encamped before Napoli di Romania; and Ulysses and the other partisan leaders, with a few light troops, occupied the passes of Bœotia.

In this state of danger and general dismay, Ypsilanti and Colocotroni raised the sieges of Napoli and Patras, and rendezvoused with their handful of troops in the plain of Argolis. Meanwhile, Machmoud had forced his way through all the passes of Bœotia, committing in his march, ravages unparalleled in savage warfare. A wide-spread scene of havoc and desolation marked the track of the vindictive barbarian.

He at length, penetrated to Corinth, where the congress was sitting. The members escaped on board a Greek squadron that lay in the gulf of Corinth, after investing Ypsilanti, Colocotroni, and Mavromichalis, with full powers, and committing to their hands the destinies of their country.

Unable to cope with so overwhelming a force in the field, the Greek captains distributed their troops into small bands, and taking advantage of favourable positions, hung upon and continually annoyed the flank and rear of the advancing enemy. The peasantry and mountaineers of the circumjacent country, came forth and joined the ranks of their defenders; and the crops on the plains of Argos were destroyed to prevent their affording sustenance to the enemy. The Turkish general soon found himself and his army in a most deplorable condition. Harassed continually by the Greek scouts, weakened by famine, and wasted by a mortal disease which began to prevail among them, this formidable army was soon compelled to retreat. Nicetas, posted in the defiles of Argos, and Colocotroni pressing their rear, made havoc of the retiring enemy. Of an army of thirty thousand men, seven thousand only could be mustered before Corinth, and those were so reduced by hunger, sickness, and fatigue, as to be almost incapable of resistance. In this dreadful situation, Machmoud received a fresh order from the seraskier, censuring his retreat, and commanding him to advance again into Argos, and relieve Na-

poli, which Ypsilanti had again invested. A new effort of Machmoud, in obedience to this unreasonable and unfeeling mandate, completed the entire destruction of that army, which a short time before, threatened utter ruin and extermination to Greece.

The brave Kanaris, about the same time, put to flight, by means of his fire-ships, a formidable fleet that had come to the relief of Napoli; destroying the ship of the capudan pasha, and every soul on board. The garrison of Napoli di Romania, sorely pressed by famine, and despairing of relief, soon after capitulated, and were transported to Asia Minor.

A nocturnal assault on Missolonghi, made soon after this, was gloriously repelled by Mavrocordato and Marco Bozzaris. The morning light discovered one thousand Turks lying dead before the walls. The Greek loss was only fifty in killed and wounded.

On the night of the 19th of July, 1823, was fought the celebrated battle of Karpenitza, on the frontier of Acarnania, where Marco Bozzaris, with two thousand men, surprised and cut to pieces the whole army of Mustapha Pasha, consisting of fourteen thousand. Bozzaris fell; to the inexpressi-

ble grief of his country, and has left behind him a character, which will command the esteem and admiration of mankind as long as sterling virtue and true heroism are approved and valued.

In 1824, Lord Byron arrived in Greece, to the great joy of the people, and immediately enlisted a regiment at his own expense, and placed himself under the command of Prince Mavrocordato. Housref Pasha, with a tremendous fleet, made a descent this year on Ipsara, a little populous island, lying a few leagues west of Scio. Here the tragedy of Scio was acted over again. All the inhabitants who were unable to escape, by means of a few small vessels that lay in the harbour, were slaughtered, and the city burnt. Miaulis, one of the Greek admirals, with his squadron, arrived soon after the massacre, and drove all the Turks that remained on the island into the sea, and chased a portion of the Turkish squadron on shore, on the rocks of Scio.

Housref had sailed with the main portion of the fleet to the channel of Samos. In this situation, he was attacked by the brave Kanaris, who by means of his fire-ships, completely dispersed it and drove him, with

the remnant of his squadron, to the Dardanelles.

In the spring of 1824, a most formidable fleet, composed of the combined Turkish and Egyptian squadrons; consisting of more than 200 ships of war and transports, most of them under the flag of Austria! with 20,000 infantry, and a large body of cavalry, commanded for the most part by European officers! with vast supplies of artillery, ammunition, and provisions, appeared off the coast of Syria. The slow passage of this tremendous armament towards the Ægean was closely watched by the Greek admirals; who with their little squadrons, consisting of about seventy light vessels, hovered about it, skirmishing occasionally, and annoying it in its progress. At length, some Greek fire-ships were sent among the fleet, which did such execution, that the Turkish part of the squadron fled in the greatest consternation. After an ineffectual descent upon the island of Samos, the combined fleets formed a junction in the channel of Scio. Thither they were pursued by the Greek squadron, commanded by Miaulis, Sakturi, and Kanaris. The Greeks, with their fire-ships, bore down

on the enemy's line, and soon after, several of his vessels were enveloped in flames, and the whole fleet dispersed. The Turkish squadron fled to Constantinople. The Egyptians stood for Candia. The Greek admirals pursued them, and attacking them on the coast of that island, burned, sunk, captured, and dispersed the remainder of this armament, which had at its first appearance, threatened imminent peril to Greece, and filled its inhabitants with the utmost consternation.

These are a few of the events of the revolution, that occurred while I was a slave. They are selected almost at random from the general mass of incidents with which the history of that calamitous but glorious period abounds. They are introduced here to fill up a blank in my own existence. It must be confessed, that such dull and barren generalities convey no just idea of the actions or events which they notice, to many of which, a full and true description would give an air of romance. Such a specimen as I have given, may, however, lead the reader to inquire further into the character of my countrymen, to peruse the history of their wrongs and sufferings, and to contemplate a series of deeds, which have

evinced their leaders to be no unworthy descendants of Miltiades, Epaminondas, and Thrasybulus.

CHAPTER XII.

I now return to pursue the thread of my own history. During the period of my captivity, the city of Patras was several times besieged, and once was taken by a body of Ionians, under Mavrocordato. The citadel was, however, so strong, and the garrison so numerous, that all attempts to reduce it failed. While the city was invested, the Greek slaves in the citadel were confined in dungeons, and subjected to every species of cruelty and indignity. I, among the rest, was shut up in my old dungeon, and, for some time, experienced the same barbarous treatment, and the same mean fare, that I have already described.

At those times, when the Greeks threatened an assault upon the city, my master sent his family, for the greater security, across the gulf of Corinth, to the city of

Lepanto. His duty, as commissary to the garrison, compelled him to reside either at the city, or at the castle Moraitico, a strong fortress, situated at the mouth of the gulf. I used to accompany him in his journeys between the two places, he riding on horseback, and I following him on foot.

One great source of misfortune to me, during the whole period of my slavery, was the cruel and capricious temper of my mistress. She would sometimes treat me with a show of kindness. At other times, without any known cause, or reason, she would heap upon me all the obloquy of which she was capable, and, by false colourings, and misrepresentations of my carriage toward her, would often instigate my master to the infliction of undeserved and rigorous punishment. Indeed, little instigation to severity, or cruelty, is necessary to a Turk, when a slave and a Christian is the victim.

On one occasion, merely for looking attentively in her face, (the better to learn the import of some orders she was giving me in the Turkish language, which I did not well understand,) she, with much anger, and in a loud tone, told me, that I knew that her religion did not allow such familiarity between men and women; and that the ten-

dency of my looking her in her face, would be to pervert her mind; her anger rose still higher, when I told her, that it was the custom of my country to attend to those with whom we were conversing, and she immediately sent me to my master, with a request, that I might be severely punished. My master, to gratify her spleen, immediately inflicted on me one hundred and fifty strokes of the bastinado.

The blood, during this dreadful operation, oozed from beneath the nails of my toes, and, in a short time, my feet swelled to such an enormous size, and were so exceedingly painful, that I was unable to walk, or even to stand. A composition of salt and onions, beaten together, was applied to the soles of my feet, and I was immediately thrown into my former dungeon.

At another time, for something I had said, which was construed into disrespect, my master sewed my mouth: piercing my lips with a large needle, and inserting a wire. In this situation, I was kept about thirty hours, unable to speak, or to receive any nourishment.

My tedious life thus wore away, till the beginning of the year 1825; at which time, the castle Moraitico was visited by several

Italian vessels, for the purpose of traffick. These vessels usually lay in the bay for two or three days, making arrangements with Ysouf Pasha, for leave to visit the Grecian ports, in the gulf of Corinth, and such other places as might be occupied by Greek citizens, or were subject to the authority of the Greek commanders. In these licenses, the pasha drove a secret, but very profitable trade; inasmuch as these captains commonly paid, for such permission of the pasha to traffick, a premium of twelve per cent, upon all articles of merchandise which they disposed of to the Greeks. These articles included various kinds of provisions, wool, cotton, currants, and oil. This trade would have been far less advantageous to the traders than to the pasha, had they not taken care to add these charges as well as their own commissions, to the price of the commodities disposed of to my countrymen, whose necessity compelled them to purchase at whatever price was demanded. My master, who was commissary of that place, had frequent transactions with these capitani, in purchasing provisions for the garrison. I sought, a long time, for a favourable opportunity to address some of these men, and to communicate to them a knowledge of my

situation. My courage failed me, on several occasions, when I was on the point of making this communication, forasmuch as they were generally men who, by their occupations, (partly trader, and partly pirate,) were accustomed and inured to every species of dishonesty; and whom no tie, but that of interest, could bind. These rovers were, also, generally hostile in feeling, to the Greeks, by whose admirals they had been often chastised, for their piracies, in the Ionian and Ægean seas, although interest prompted them to disguise their hatred, and to carry on an apparently cordial trade. Any communication with such men, I was fearful might be betrayed, and reliance upon them might fatally prejudice the purpose I was meditating. Had they known of my situation, and inclination to escape, their sense of morals would not, probably, have prevented them from enticing, or stealing me away. There was no sufficient motive of interest, however, to induce them to run the hazard of incurring the heavy penalty inflicted for that offence. It is probable, therefore, that instead of aiding my escape, they would have betrayed my secret to my master, as well to secure his favour and confidence, as to gratify their vindictive feelings towards a Greek.

There happened to arrive, however, at castle Moraitico, about the middle of January, 1825, an Italian vessel, under the command of a Genoese, named Spalla. This man was totally unacquainted with either the Turkish or the Greek languages. He brought out a cargo of provisions, consisting of rice, corn, fruits, biscuits, and other commodities. My master wished to purchase this cargo for the use of the garrison; and as I was the only person of his household who understood Italian, I was chosen, by good fortune, as the interpreter between them. Of this opportunity, I took advantage. The captain and myself entered into conversation together,—and as I knew his inability to betray my confidence, I disclosed to him my situation without reserve. This was all in the presence of my master and several other Turks, who did not suspect, that in carrying on his negotiation, I was at the same time, negotiating for my own liberty. I represented to the Italian, as well as I was able, the cruelties and privations I had suffered, and my anxious desire to escape from a state of slavery so dangerous and dreadful. He was touched with pity, and sympathised sincerely with me in my afflictions, inquired with much earnestness, re-

specting my family; and on learning that my name was Stephanini, observed that he was familiar with the name, having often heard of my father from the Italian merchants, with whom he was acquainted. He took special care to inspire me with hope and confidence in heaven. He told me that he could not conceal from me, that my enterprise, would, if undertaken, be attended with great and peculiar danger, both to myself, and to those that might assist me. He asked me if I could brave death, in order to effect my freedom; and told me at length, if I had sufficient confidence in my own courage, to attempt the experiment, he would contribute all the means in his power to effect my deliverance. I was not long in forming my resolution. I blessed him as my friend and benefactor, and expressed with confidence the strong desire I felt, and the hazards I would willingly incur, to escape from my thraldom.

A subsequent meeting completed our arrangements. In about ten days after this, his business being finished, and his vessel ready to sail, the captain called on me and said; "My friend, the time of your emancipation has, I hope, arrived. Put your

trust in God, and follow my directions. I am now ready for my departure. Come to the small wharf, that runs into the gulf beyond the castle Maraitico, this evening, at eight o'clock, precisely, and I and my crew will be there waiting for you with a boat." I had not words to express my gratitude. I embraced my benefactor. He left me, and the time drew near. The mingled emotions of joy, of gratitude, of fear, that agitated my mind, it is impossible to describe. My frame trembled like an aspen leaf. I had three miles to go by land, and every step of this distance lay among enemies and barbarians, who would have thought no more of the murder of a Greek than of the destruction of a dangerous or offensive beast;—but the apprehensions of death weigh but little with the slave who has the glorious prospect of liberty before his eyes. In the worst event, he is released from a life of weariness and wo; "a consummation devoutly to be wished." I loaded with care an old pistol my master had given me a year or two before, in a fit of uncommon kindness, and having offered up my earnest prayers to God for his guidance and aid, in this season of peril; I watched my opportunity, and seizing a fa-

vourable moment, when none were observing me, I left the house. I walked precipitately through the streets in the dark. I dared not run, lest I should be suspected by the Turkish soldiers and citizens whom I was meeting every moment. I walked on; my heart beating violently, my knees tottering, and my breath almost suspended. I at length reached the wharf in safety. A tutelary angel seemed to watch over and direct me. The boat was ready, and had been some time waiting. I sprang on board —we put off in an instant, and were soon on board the vessel. I fell on my knees, and returned thanks to God for my deliverance; nor did I forget my obligations to the man who had been its instrument.

The captain took care to have my hair cut and my Turkish habiliments exchanged for others of Italian make, with a view to my security from the straggling glance of any occasional visiter from the Turkish fleet, through which we were obliged to pass. My Turkish garments he rolled up, with a large stone, and committed them to the gulf. He then sent me down into the hold of the vessel, where I was kept concealed until he could prepare a water cask for my reception. Into this vessel I was put forth-

with, and never did I enter a dungeon with so hearty a good will as on this occasion. It was well that I had been secreted with so much expedition. My flight had become known, and I was sought for through the whole town. In the fortress, wherever a man could possibly be secreted, I was searched for; and at last the search was directed to the very vessel of which I was a silent inmate. The officers of the castle came on board early in the morning, and every part of the vessel where I was *not*, was closely inspected. When they commenced their investigations in the part where I *was*, the captain, by the judicious distribution of a few dozen of piastres among them, convinced them at once that further search was needless; and they left the vessel, apparently with the fullest confidence that all was right on board. Thus the captain's piastres had the effect to preserve my life, his property from confiscation, and himself and his crew from a life of slavery.

Having obtained a license from the commandant, we immediately sailed from beneath the castle of Patras, and by the blessing of God, were soon out of the reach of its guns, as well as of those of the

Turkish fleet, and in a few hours we had the satisfaction to find ourselves free from danger, and with a favourable breeze smoothly gliding over the broad waters of the Ionian sea.

Our vessel was bound to Smyrna, a city in Asia Minor; and our passage thither was speedy and pleasant. Our course lay along between the Ionian isles and the main, thence around the coast of the Peloponnesus to Cape St. Angelo, (the ancient Malea,) whence we stretched across the Ægean sea; steering along, through the channels formed by its beautiful islands: so famous in "elder days."

In the Ionian sea, we passed the large and beautiful island of Cephalenia; and saw, at a distance to the north, Ithaca, the ancient kingdom of Ulysses, whose rugged hills and rocky shores, were celebrated 3000 years ago, by the muse of Homer. We passed, also, near the shore of Zacynthus, (now Zante,) one of the most delightful, fertile, and populous islands of the east. We saw the coast of Pylos, (now Navarino,) celebrated by Homer as the seat of the venerable Nestor; and left, on the right hand, Cerigo, (formerly Cythera,) renowned in ancient story as the favourite residence of

Venus, and famous for its temple dedicated to that goddess. Proceeding along, we passed in sight of the large and beautiful islands of Milo, (anciently Melos,) Tenos, and Andros, as well as of the smaller ones of Scyros and Ipsara;* all of which have a place in ancient song, and will readily occur to the recollection of the scholar. These charming isles, in spite of the lapse of thirty centuries, and the frequent ravages of barbarians, present as lofty mountains, as verdant plains, as commodious havens, as healthful skies, and as picturesque prospects, as they did, when they received their immortality from the pen of Homer.

We arrived in the harbour of Smyrna, after a passage of eight days from Patras. This city is the principal port of Asia Minor, and carries on an extensive maritime commerce with various parts of Europe and America, and an inland trade with the neighbouring Asiatic provinces. It is inhabited principally by Turks, though the streets are thronged by merchants and travellers, from various parts of the world. There are to be seen assembled, Americans,

* At the time of the massacre of the inhabitants of this little island, I was told, that many of the wives and daughters were killed by their husbands and fathers, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Turks.

English, French, Italians, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Austrians, Egyptians, Algerines, Jews, &c. &c. &c. In a word, the population of Smyrna, represents most all the varieties of the human race, and afford a picture of the world in miniature. The city is governed by a Turkish bey, and is, I should judge, about the size of Boston, in New England. There are extensive salt-works in the neighbourhood of the city. Unwilling to run the hazard of a second captivity, I did not, at first, venture on shore, but remained as close as possible, on board the vessel. I was persuaded at last, by the solicitations of the captain, to accompany him once on shore. On that occasion, I saw many of my countrymen in a state of the most wretched slavery; others were famishing with want, and all were in the greatest affliction and distress. I was told, that a short time before, while the Greeks were assembled in their houses of worship, on a Sunday morning, they were beset and surrounded by the Turkish troops, sword in hand, who inhumanly butchered a great many of them, in cold blood, they making not the least resistance.

The captain, to whose kindness I had been so much indebted for my restoration

to liberty, treated me with all imaginable tenderness, and gave me all the information that he was able to collect, in the course of his business. I officiated as his clerk, and did all in my power to promote his interest, in return for his goodness.

We took in a cargo of wood, at Smyrna, for Alexandria, in Egypt, and sailed for that port in April. Our passage down the gulf of Smyrna and the Ægean, was favourable and delightful. We ran along near the coast of Scio; and, as our vessel glided along, I could not behold, without the most poignant grief, the shores of that island, recently so populous, wealthy, and flourishing; now entirely desolated by sword and flame, and the bones of its inhabitants bleaching on the strand. Sailing on, we passed in sight of the isles of Negarin, (Icaria,) Stancho, (Coos,) Scarpanto, (Carpathus,) and Caxo, (Casus.) The inhabitants of the latter island, had been, just before, subdued by the troops of Ibrahim, pasha of Egypt, and compelled to deliver up their arms, and to pay an annual tribute.

We arrived off Alexandria in eleven days from Smyrna. The land around the city, is remarkably low. By a strong current setting along shore to the south, we

were drifted a number of leagues past our port; and it was with much difficulty that we were able to get a sufficient distance to windward, to enter the harbour.

The city of Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great; and from him it derived its name. Before the passage to India, around the cape was discovered, it was a place of prodigious trade. Upon a little island which made a part of the port, once stood the famous lighthouse, called Pharos. Some of the pillars of this superb tower, may yet be seen in a clear day, at the bottom of the water. The old city has long since been abandoned, and a new one has been built of its materials, near the site of the former, on a space of ground that seems to have been forsaken by the sea. The houses are of a reddish and dull appearance, and some of them are surrounded by courts, in which are placed pillars, obelisks, &c., preserved from the ruins of the old city. The most remarkable remains about Alexandria, are the cisterns, Pompey's pillar, and Cleopatra's needle. The cisterns were built under the houses, supported by two or three arches raised on columns, in order to receive the Nile water, as they do at present. The descent into

them is by round wells, wherein are holes for the feet. By these, people who are employed to cleanse them, go down; a care, the neglect of which gives to the water of the city, a bad taste. It is drawn up by a windlass, and carried about for use, on camels.

Pompey's pillar stands on a small height, and is surrounded by some magnificent ruins. It is of granite; the capitals are of the Corinthian order; and the leaves, which are plain, and not in the least indented, seem to have been intended to represent either bay or laurel. The base of this pillar is much mutilated. The whole height including the pedestal, capital, &c., is about 120 feet in height, and 30 feet round. The shaft is about nine feet in diameter.*

Cleopatra's needle, an antique obelisk, is about two miles from the pillar of Pompey. This obelisk is covered with Egyptian hierogliphics. It is about seventy feet in height, and about seven feet square at the base. Another of the same dimensions, had fallen down. The bay of Alexandria, is very spacious, and presents a most picturesque and delightful view.

* By a mistake of the writer or printer, this pillar was represented higher in the first edition.

The Egyptian women are, in general, very delicate in their figure, and are characterised by a certain elegant simplicity of dress, which we should hardly expect to find among a barbarous people. Their garments are made of a light blue stuff; and they wear veils of the same material, with which they cover their faces, when they meet with any of the other sex. The higher and more wealthy class, wear a light mask which hides the lower part of the face, leaving only the eyes and forehead to be seen. Their eyelashes are coloured with a black dye; and the chin and hands are tinged with blue. Their air is graceful, and the ornaments which they sometimes wear, are arranged with much taste and effect.

In the market of Alexandria, provisions of all kinds are extremely cheap. I bought two dozen of fowls for one dollar; a pair of pigeons for six cents; one hundred eggs for a shilling; and beef of the best quality, for a cent a pound. Yet, with this advantage, the Bedouins under the Turkish dominion, are neither wealthy nor even comfortable. With profusion all around them, they have but little that they can call their own; subjected as they are to a rapacious

tyranny, which only waits till it sees enough to excite its exercise, and then, like a ravenous beast, devours in a moment, the fruits of whole years of toil and suffering. They are for the most part, wretchedly ignorant, unable to write or read, and without any means or prospect of bettering their condition. The day after our arrival, our captain employed fifteen or twenty of these miserable wretches to assist on board, in unloading and arranging our cargo,—for which they were paid a piastre each, a day. A piastre is about the fifteenth of a Spanish dollar. These Bedouins constitute a considerable part of the population of Alexandria. They are naked, filthy, and wretchedly poor. They are under the absolute dominion of the pasha, whose arbitrary rule admits of no dispute. In the night, men, women and children are huddled together, and sleep like beasts in the market place.

Multitudes of these wretches, I was informed, are swept off every year by the plague;—and indeed, it is not wonderful, when it is considered that they generally live half starved; are constantly covered with dirt, and infested with vermin. Their superstition operates also in aid of their destruction. They consider it as a heinous

sin against God to endeavour to escape from any disease which he has sent. And in accordance with this article of their faith, they die in great numbers every year, perfectly and passively resigned to their fate. The plague usually commences its ravages in April or May, and continues till the end of August. Christians who are in the city during that period, shut themselves up in their houses, and refuse all communication with the multitude without.

Our captain having finished his business in Alexandria, took in a cargo for the isle of Crete. This island was at the commencement of the revolution taken by the Greeks, who, with the exception of the two strong castles of Megalo-Castro and Canea, were in possession of the whole island. These two citadels the Turks had occupied prior to the revolution, and still maintained them. We set sail for this island, and in sixteen days arrived off the harbour of Megalo-Castro, which lies on the northern side. A battery upon each point of the harbour, defends its entrance, and the neighbouring castle commands both the port and the surrounding country. We were obliged, from the lowness of the tide, to anchor without the bar that obstructs the entrance to the harbour. While lying in that exposed

situation, we were struck by a violent squall, which parted our cables. Fortunately, however, we sustained no farther injury, and the next day, after discharging part of our cargo, we entered the harbour in safety. The island of Crete is 240 miles long, and from 50 to 60 wide. The face of the country is exceedingly mountainous, but the climate is mild and healthy, the soil is fertile, but in a wretched state of cultivation, owing to the long tyranny which the Turks have exercised over it. It produces wine, oil, honey, wax, saffron, &c. The population is about 250, or 300,000; and consists of Greeks, Turks, and a few Egyptians and Jews. The celebrated Mount Ida, where Jupiter is said to have been born, is in the centre of the island.

After discharging our cargo, we took in ballast. I went on shore in company with the captain, and to my extreme regret, saw many of my countrymen in slavery. Several were sold during my stay, in the market, like animals. One lady and two small children were offered for sale to the captain and myself, for about fifteen dollars. The unhappy slave, with the most piteous lamentations, besought us, by the love of God, to deliver her and her infants from the

ruffians, into whose hands they had fallen; and if we could not dispose of them otherwise, to throw them into the sea. The captain told her that to afford them any relief was impossible, as he was obliged to visit several Turkish ports, and to have her and her children on board his vessel, would endanger his own safety, and prove fatal to them. The brutal wretch who offered them, swore by Alla, (God) that if we did not purchase them, he would kill them; as he would not be at the expense of maintaining them any longer.

I was so much shocked at this barbarous and revolting scene that, with a heart almost bursting with grief and indignation, I returned to the vessel, taking care not to show my face on shore again. After five days, we sailed for Smyrna, and arrived there after a passage of eight days. The captain here contracted with a French merchant, named Sarzan, to sail to Mytilene, (the ancient Lesbos) and there take in part of a cargo of olive oil for Genoa, and to proceed to the gulf of Adramyttium for the remainder. We took on board casks at Smyrna, and sailed to Mytilene, where we lay but a short time, and leaving that port, completed our cargo at the island of

Pirgo, in the gulf of Adramyttium. In a little excursion on the island, I found the ruins of a fortress, very ancient and of singular construction. No one was able to give any account of it, and it probably is as old as the Christian era.

The price of oil here was about seven dollars per barrel. Our cargo being on board, we set sail for Genoa, where we arrived after a very long and boisterous passage, of forty-six days. In our progress, we encountered several severe gales of wind, which baffled and drove us from our course into the strait of Sicily. We passed Messenia, a large city on the eastern side of the island, and came to off Calabria. This city is built down to the water's edge; and affords a charming prospect from the bay. Here we lay about a week, and then set sail with a fair wind for our port of destination.

Passing the celebrated strait, between Sylla and Charybdis, we came to the burning mountain of Stromboli, one of a group of volcanic isles, lying north of Sicily, and designated by the name of Lipari islands. Through the day a dense column of smoke hung above it; and at night it threw out at intervals, large volumes of fire, burning

masses of ignited stone, and a variety of combustible matter. We lay becalmed, about ten leagues to the west of that part of the island, whence the eruption proceeded. I watched it by night, with intense attention. It was not incessant in its discharges, but would remain quiet for some time, suddenly throw out a column of flame, which for a time, lighted the scene for many miles, and then disappear entirely. At the bottom of the mountain, and beneath the very jaws of the volcano, was a little hamlet, containing about fifty inhabitants. The vine is the principal article of cultivation in these islands. Leaving this place, we passed near the city of Naples, famous for its beautiful bay. We saw mount Vesuvius, which rises behind the city. It was not in a state of eruption, but a thick cloud of smoke hung around it. We came by night, near a small island, named Ponizza. Here, we encountered a sudden gale from the northwest, which blew away some of our sails, and otherwise injured our vessel; on which account, we were forced to put back into the harbour of Gayetta. Repairing our injuries here, we sailed in a day or two for Genoa. Arriving in that place, we were ordered into

quarantine, where we lay thirty-five days, and were then permitted to come up to the city. The captain took me into a house which he had hired, and boarded me for several months. I had written a number of letters, in the hope of hearing from some one of my family, to every place where we had any friends or acquaintances;—but received no answer to any of them. The general disturbances and commotions in Greece, had destroyed all the usual means of communication; broken up all the channels of information; and interposed between me and the realization of my hopes of being able to learn the fate of my unfortunate family, an almost insurmountable bar.

While I resided at Genoa, I was advised by several persons with whom I was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance, to endeavour to get to Gibraltar, from which port a constant communication was carried on by means of British packets, with Malta and Corfu. My friends in Genoa kindly furnished me with several letters to different persons at Gibraltar; and with much regret at leaving the good captain who had done so much for me, I sailed from Genoa, and in nine days reached Gibraltar. I imme-

diately delivered my letters of introduction, and was kindly and courteously received. These letters put me on a respectable footing in that place; and I wrote without delay, to several friends in different parts of Greece, begging them, if they were able, to communicate some account of the fate of my family. I waited four months and a half at Gibraltar, in daily hopes of receiving intelligence from my friends—but was disappointed. Every day brought in additional accounts of the calamities heaped upon my unfortunate country; and amidst such violent commotions as she was compelled to undergo, extending as they did to every corner of Greece, I had every thing to fear for my family and friends. I became almost vexed with life. Successive disappointments had broken my spirit, and my life to me was but weariness and trouble. There was no point of my country, to which I could safely return. All the places we could hear from, were in possession of the Turks. All business was suspended; all Greek property confiscated, or destroyed; all communication broken off, except for the army and military despatches. I could not turn my eye to any part of my ill-fated country with the hope of meeting friend or relative alive

to receive me. In vain were all the letters I had written. I had no security for their conveyance to the place of their destination; no assurance that they had not fallen into the hands of the Turks, and been destroyed, with every thing else that could not be turned to their own interest. In this situation, under the doubts, the purposeless wandering of my hopes, I could not determine on any thing with regard to my own country; and willingly listened to a proposition of some of my friends to visit America. This happy country was described to me in the warmest terms, and most glowing colours. It was represented as the sanctuary of liberty, in which she found an abode when driven from every other quarter of the globe. The security of its laws, the humanity and moral beauty of its customs, the hospitality, elevation, and prosperity of its people, were enlarged upon, and without a home to receive me in my own country, I made my determination to seek an asylum here.

The brig Abeona, Captain Fairchild, was then at Gibraltar, and about to sail for New York. In her I took passage, and, after a voyage of forty-four days, I arrived in that large and flourishing city. It was more than a month, before I found a single indi-

vidual to whom I had letters; as I was totally ignorant of the English language. During a part of this time, I was kindly and courteously entertained by Captain Fairchild, on board his vessel.

At length, I became acquainted with L. Bradish, Esq., who rendered me great service, especially as an interpreter, and kindly introduced me to the Greek Committee of that place; which association had been formed for the benevolent and godlike object of relieving the sufferings, and aiding the exertions of my unhappy countrymen. Anxious to return again to my country, in order to ascertain the situation of my unfortunate family, I applied to the Greek Committee, and stated to them my desire. They advised me to return, and procured me a passage in the ship Six Brothers, which was about to sail with a cargo of provisions, sent as a gratuity by the liberal citizens of New-York, to the famishing and perishing Greeks, at Napoli di Romania. She was to stop at Malta, pursuant to the advice of the Committee. I embarked for that place, on the 13th of May, 1827. On our arrival there, the vessel was ordered into quarantine. The captain went into the lazaretto, and I accompanied him. I was introduced

to John Pulis, Esq., the American consul, and to the Rev. Daniel Temple, then in that island. A Greek merchant, named Anastasi Pagoni, hearing of me by these gentlemen, called on me at the lazaretto, and brought me a letter in answer to one I had written from Gibraltar to a friend at Previsa. This letter gave me the dreadful intelligence of the massacre of my father, at Missolonghi, together with the capture of his family, at the time of its fall. That event, so bloody and disastrous, both to me and to my country, took place on the 22d of February, 1825. The letter went on to inform me, that my mother, and my two younger brothers and sisters, were made prisoners by the Albanians, and dragged away into slavery; that my eldest brother and sister, Spiro and Maria, had been, early in the revolution, lost by some mischance, and had never been heard of since; that the hopes of the most sanguine patriots, for the salvation of their country, began to fail; that ruin, desolation, and misery, overspread the country; and concluded, by exhorting me to bear up with courage and fortitude, under this complication of afflictions.

This exhortation was, however, ineffectual. The gloomy intelligence quite over-

whelmed me. My soul was sunken and prostrated; and death would have been a relief to me; for life presented nothing but a blank and dreary desert before me, on which I could discover no green nor sunny spot. Cut off from the society of my family, and friends; doubtful as to their existence; and, if they existed, knowing that it was in a slavery more horrible than death; without a country or a home; dependant on the charities of strangers, and hopeless of a change in my fortunes, I sunk down into a state of sullen despondency. The captain of the Six-Brothers, Mr. John Stuyvesant, and other friends, whom I had found in my wanderings, endeavoured to console me, but there is a measure of grief, which even the voice of kindness and friendship cannot assuage.

Not knowing what to do, and reckless of my fate, I was about to take passage from Malta to Corfu, with the forlorn hope of gaining some further intelligence of my unhappy family, and of obtaining means among our former friends for their ransom: when two of my countrymen came to see me at the lazaretto, and advised me to abandon the design of going to Corfu, but to proceed in the ship Six Brothers to Na-

poli di Romania; whither her cargo had been directed. In this advice the captain concurred, together with Mr. Stuyvesant, the supercargo, and the other American gentlemen on board. I determined on doing so—went again on board the Six Brothers, and we immediately sailed for that place. On arriving there, we found it in a most deplorable situation. Thousands of people, driven as exiles from other parts of Greece, were assembled here; stripped of every thing, without habitation, clothing, or food. Hundreds and hundreds of poor emaciated creatures, in the last stages of fever and starvation, were lying about in the fields, with but the remnant of a garment to hide their nakedness, and no covering but the canopy of heaven. I never beheld so shocking a picture of agonizing misery, as that city at that time exhibited. Hundreds of the unhappy exiles had perished with famine and disease, and hundreds more were dying all around us. The recollection of such a spectacle of suffering humanity, even now makes me shudder, and my blood almost congeal. Oh my God! what have not my countrymen suffered in this dreadful struggle for their liberty and religion!

CHAPTER XIII.

The arrival of the ship with supplies to the famished people at Napoli, was hailed with transports of gratitude and joy. The richest blessings of heaven were invoked on the Americans for their signal benevolence. The voices of old and young were engaged in expressions of fervent and grateful acknowledgment of American philanthropy: and the faint voices of the sick, and even the dying, were not silent amidst the general joy. Col. Miller, Col. Jarvis, and Dr. Howe, the three distinguished Americans who have done so much for the Greek cause and the Greek nation, were the distributors of the provisions and clothing among the people. I was introduced to them; and they with one accord counselled me to return to America.

On looking around me, I found the circumstances of my country, and of myself, such, as to incline me to their advice. In the existing state of Greece, overrun by the relentless enemy; desolated by the scymi-

tar; and devastated by pillage and fire; the remnant of her unhappy people, who had escaped massacre and captivity, driven from the pursuits of industry into exile, and perishing with famine, nakedness, and disease: in such a state of things, I could render no service to my country by remaining, and I despaired of being able to learn any thing more of my unfortunate family; to procure the means of their deliverance, or even of my own subsistence.

These reasons, concurring with the advice of my American friends, I once more left my native land, to seek an asylum elsewhere. I felt myself a solitary wanderer on the earth, and I cared very little where I dragged out the residue of my wretched existence. My heart was withered; my soul, desolate. The fate of my mother, brothers, sisters, in slavery—in torture, was ever present to my thoughts, and filled my soul with the most agonizing distress.

Distracted by such reflections, I proceeded in the Six-Brothers, to the isle of Poros; whence, after a stay of nine days, we took our departure for Marseilles, a large commercial city in the south of France.

The Six-Brothers, being bound to Monte Video, Captain Lee procured for me a

passage to Boston, in an American brig, called the Byron, (a name consecrated to liberty and to genius,) commanded by Captain Moore, who kindly gave me my passage thither. I had letters to the Greek Committee in that city, whither, after a long and boisterous passage of 73 days, we arrived in safety. On treading the soil, and breathing the air of freedom, I felt my soul revive again: but the emotions of joy I felt, were allayed with those of sorrow for my own dear land, when I contrasted her calamities and degradation, with the liberty, peace and happiness of this heaven-protected country.

I was received in Boston with the greatest kindness by the Greek Committee, and was hospitably entertained by many other gentlemen. In the family of the father of Dr. Howe, I received attentions and courtesies which I shall ever remember. I resided in his house for some time previous to my departure from Boston to New York.

At New York, I was solicitous to engage in some occupation that might afford me an independent livelihood, till circumstances might prove more auspicious to the accomplishment of my object—that of procuring means for the deliverance of my suffering

family. I at length, obtained employment in the drug store of Messrs. O. & W. Hull, who have always shown me the greatest kindness, and, for which, I shall always feel grateful. In this situation, I remained almost a year, surrounded by difficulties, and heart-stricken by my own misfortunes, and those of my family; I lived sullenly on, during this period; in despair of ever emerging from the obscurity by which I was shrouded, to a situation wherein I could, with advantage, exert myself to compass the object of my desire.

Receiving an invitation to visit South Carolina, I embarked for Charleston, in hopes of obtaining some situation wherein my exertions could be turned to more account; and the means of accomplishing my object more speedily acquired.

On my arrival, I found that the duties of a place which I had designed to occupy, and which had been procured for me by the kindness of a friend, were of such a nature as to render its acceptance incompatible with my feelings. I had letters of introduction to a few gentlemen in Charleston, who, in the kindness and courtesy with which they received me, nobly sustained the reputation for generosity of feeling, and li-

berality in conferring benefits, which has always been a characteristic of the citizens of that respectable city. I could long dwell with emotions of gratitude and pleasure, on the multiplied acts and manifestations of philanthropy and disinterested benevolence, which were heaped on me by many in that place; but, time would fail me to mention all the names of those to whom I am under obligations I never can repay. I should, however, do violence to my feelings, were I to omit to mention, the peculiar debt of gratitude I owe to John S. Richardson, Esq., to whom I was introduced, and by whom, after hearing my story, I was first advised to publish it to the world, as the most feasible, if not the only mode of effecting the deliverance of my wretched family.

Confiding much in the intelligent judgment of Mr. Richardson, and relying on the liberality of my friends to assist and support my undertaking, I resolved on the publication of my narrative. In visiting Savannah, to obtain subscriptions for the work, I received much courtesy and attention from Rev. Messrs. Baker and Weir, C. W. Rockwell, and G. W. Coe, esquires, who will pardon me for seizing this occasion to express my gratitude for their hospitality

and courteous kindness. In New York, Philadelphia, and Albany, which cities I have since visited, I have received much encouragement in the prosecution of my little work.

It is now finished; and it is hoped, that the object, for which it was undertaken, and is now offered to the public, is of such a nature as will commend itself to a liberal and Christian community. It is a well-known characteristic of the American people, that when a worthy object of benevolence is presented to their observation, that noble sympathy which adorns and dignifies our nature, comes spontaneously forth, and impels the hand to do what the heart dictates.

The emancipation of a family from the miseries of slavery.—a slavery of whose horrors I can speak from bitter experience, is an enterprise which such a people, I confidently trust, will not refuse to aid.

The voice of my suffering country, has never yet appealed in vain to Americans. In the extremity of her calamities, when "clouds and thick darkness" hung over the issue of her sunken and almost desperate struggle for the recovery of her long lost rights; when the banded powers of Europe

were lowering on her people with an aspect menacing destruction,—it was among Americans that she found firm and faithful friends, whose voices kindly cheered her onward in her glorious labour; and whose hands were stretched forth to relieve her distress.——O, when my country shall again assume her rank among the nations of the earth; when her ancient glory shall shine again with brighter splendour from its long obscurity; when her suffering people shall, like Americans, be free and happy—how grateful to American hearts will be the reflection, that they have largely contributed to her moral and political regeneration!

The occasion on which American benevolence is now addressed, is of less comparative importance, than that of the salvation of a whole country;—but it is one, on which the feeling heart will not withhold its sympathy. It is the cry of the suffering and helpless slave, that calls for deliverance from a bondage worse than death. It is the voice of a son and brother on their behalf, that now asks that beneficence, which in a reverse of circumstances, his hand would freely bestow.

CONCLUSION.

As this is the only edition of my Narrative I expect to publish in this country, I take the opportunity of expressing my deep sense of the great kindness and friendly hospitality with which I have been treated in the several places I have visited while in this country.

Benevolence and sympathy have not smiled for me in merely single instances; but one impulse of kindness seemed to warm the breast of all to whom my unhappy story was communicated, and inclined every one to mitigate the afflictions which I suffered.

I came to this country bereaved of all my family relations, a mere stranger, almost unknown; having escaped from captivity only with life. I have found friends to receive me with kindness, and glowing with a desire to assist me in that object which I pursue before all others, the design of redeeming from captivity my mother, sisters, and brothers, who still suffer the trials from which I have been delivered. The distresses that I had experienced, made many regard me as a brother; and like a brother have they ever treated me.

To the ladies who have so kindly interested themselves to obtain subscriptions for my work, my most sincere and respectful thanks are due. Their own pure and generous feelings are their best reward; but the stranger's gratitude will fill his heart as long as life remains; and when in lands far distant, will raise it in prayers for their welfare and happiness.

But from persons of all classes I have received expressions and acts of kindness. All, all have sympathized

with the oppressed captive, soothed his moments of despondency, and cheered his hopes of future peace. To all, therefore, does he present his farewell acknowledgments, and he will bear with him a lasting remembrance of their unabated kindness.

Those from whom I have received testimonies of kindness are so numerous, that I am unable to offer them, at parting, my grateful expressions. But I cannot deny myself the pleasure of expressing, however inadequately, my sense of the obligations which I feel towards several gentlemen of the Greek Committee, and to Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Rev. Mr Bruen, R. Sedgwick, Esq., and J. F. Phillips, Esq., of New York ; as well as towards the Rev. Dr. Ely, Alexander Henry, J. K. Kane, and J. P. Morris, Esqs., of Philadelphia ; and to Rev. Dr. Lacey, and Mr. Hopkins, of Albany.

The following extracts which I take the liberty of inserting—from a letter of Rev. Jonas King, now Missionary in Greece, will show the desire that exists in that country for religious instruction.

Ægina, August, 1828.

" *To the Ladies' Greek Committee, New York.*

" When I arose in the morning, I found many persons standing at my door, wishing for New Testaments. After breakfast, several persons came in with a priest,—and on my asking what they wished: the reply from all, was—books, books—the Gospel, the Gospel. To satisfy myself of the truth of their assertion, that they were able to read, I made them stand up in a row, and proceeded to hear them read from the Gospel, one after another, and made remarks to them upon the truth which it contains. While thus occupied, eight or ten boys, from ten to eighteen years of age, came in and announced to me that their teacher was below, and wished to see me. I of course, invited him to come in. On his entering, all his scholars took their stand together in order; and these, together with those who had previously entered, formed an interesting groupe of thirty or forty boys of the ages above mentioned.

" The teacher, Nicephoros Pamboukes, told me that he was a native of Argos, the place of Agamemnon; that he was employed here by the president, Capo d' Istria, as teacher of the ancient Greek, and that he had in his school about eighty scholars.

" After he had taken his seat, &c. he addressed me as follows: How much labour you have taken to come from America, five or six thousand miles, to bring us aid! We are indeed in affliction. Pass over into the Morea, and you will find our cities laid waste; many of the people without homes, without food, or raiment. Truly your reward will be great from Him who rewards those who give only a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple. But we are unworthy. With regard to our religion we are fallen from the elevation where we once

were. We have borne long the Turkish yoke ; have become ignorant ; have not the Gospel ; and war has introduced many evils. I have come this morning with part of my pupils, to express our gratitude for your great benevolence ; but especially we wish to thank you for bringing us the Gospel.

" After these went away, others came and begged for the Gospel. If Christians in America could have witnessed the scene, youths and old men pleading with me for a Bible, I am sure there would be no want of money to print it in sufficient numbers to supply all Greece. I suppose there have been at my room to day begging for this inestimable treasure more than a hundred persons. Among them was a priest, who came with his son to beg a New Testament. Several old men, whose heads were white with age, came and made the same request, &c.

" 7th Aug. Visited the Lancastrian School taught by Petros Bonas. Here are eighty-six boys between the ages of nine and seventeen. They were taken by the President, from the army which they followed, and from the midst of filth, vermin and wretchedness. I have seldom visited a school *more orderly* and decent."

It appears from these few extracts, that among my countrymen, all classes, old and young—priests and people are thirsting for knowledge, and panting for instruction. Schools could be established in Greece, to any extent, if the means were supplied. And small sums will, in that country, go far to produce important results. Shall I not be excused then if I entreat all who can, to aid in extending the blessings of knowledge and truth to that destitute and suffering land. I have visited several Sabbath Schools in this country, and have often wished that similar institutions existed in my own. The blessings which would arise from their establishment there among the rising generation are incalculable.

J. STEPHANINI.

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